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VOL. XXV.

No. VII.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,
CONDUCTED
BY THE
STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudisque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SORORES, unanimique PATRES."

JUNE, 1860.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXV.

JUNE, 1860.

No. VII.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '61.

WILLIAM H. FULLER,

SEXTUS SHEARER.

JOSEPH L. SHIPLEY,

EDWARD R. SILL.

RALPH O. WILLIAMS.

What We Think of It.

A COLLEGE Magazine, like any other publication, must have a name. Indeed the title of a work is generally presumed to be something like a fair index of its true character. But, to this almost universal rule, there is among us here one very prominent exception, and that exception is the Yale Literary Magazine. It claims, by its title, to be the exponent of the literary talent of the Students of Yale College. But that claim has been more than once disputed by its readers, both inside and out of College, who have been disappointed at the incongruity which they had found between lofty pretensions and more humble realities. So far from always maintaining that superiority in literary excellence which one has a right to expect—nay, we had almost said, reasonably demand,—from the representative publication of the first College in America, it has not unfrequently fallen below the standard which its founders and friends had hoped it would establish. That this occasional retrogression has been owing either to lack of talent or interest among Students for the only magazine which fairly represents their thoughts and life, no one who knows anything of College can for one moment suppose. The real cause, we believe, lies rather in a mistaken idea of the true scope and character of the Lit., which has had the effect of excluding a class of writers of

no small ability; who have been deterred from contributing articles of a purely literary character, in consequence of some intimation shadowed forth in the Editor's plan, of the undesirableness of such pieces for its columns. Indeed, within our own recollection we have seen it declared that the Lit. "does not purport to be the exponent of the literary ability of the Students of Yale;" while other editors not willing to concede so much—have nevertheless spoken indifferently of the literary character of the Magazine, so long as another, and in their view, more legitimate mission was fulfilled. That mission has been to make the Yale Literary (?) Magazine the chronicle of College events, and to confine its received contributions to what they are pleased to call "local articles," which they not only strangely affirm are the sole subjects of interest to Students, but some have even gone so far as to declare that "Students shall be prohibited from writing on subjects upon which others can write better" than themselves. (Query—was it altogether clear that the Editors, on that ground, should have published some of their own effusions?) Now if this theory of local exclusiveness be the true theory for conducting this Magazine, in the name of common sense and common honesty let us change its title, and instead of the Yale Literary Magazine, let it be called the *Yale Monthly News*, the *College Journal and Courier*, or at least *The Student's Occasional Herald*. But if, on the other hand, we are satisfied with its present title, and earnestly strive to make the literary character of the Magazine a matter of the first importance, to which the other parts, though important auxiliaries, must nevertheless be subordinate, we believe we shall meet with the approval of the greater part of College; and even if we shall ultimately have failed of anything like complete success, we will at least have deserved—among some censure perhaps—the praise of an honest endeavor to be consistent with our open professions.

Against this position, however, it has been urged that "we can never expect to compete for popular support with the American Journal of Science, or Harper's Monthly, or the Southern Quarterly Review," and therefore we must have only local articles. Um!—well, granted, and then what of it? The Yale Lit. offers to "compete" with no magazine; we draw on the Editorial gloves and match our side against imaginary foes, neither here nor outside of College. We do not propose to draw largely from the list of the Atlantic's subscribers, nor from that of Harper's Monthly, still less from the South-

ern Review; but we do say that whenever any Student of Yale sends us a piece, of marked ability, and of high literary excellence, we will not furnish DeBow's Review* with a contribution which shall be noticed and commended by the Press, but which we rejected because it was not sufficiently local for our columns. At least if we do, be it noticed, we will never own it afterwards. This idea of trying to scare Students from attempting anything like a literary effort, because, forsooth, Longfellow, Curtis, Everett, or somebody else can do so much better, is too absurd for refutation. Whatever other Boards may have thought to have been the true object of the Lit., or what succeeding Boards may conclude to do, is a matter which belongs exclusively to them. But the present Board unanimously stand pledged to the position, that so long as we claim to conduct the Yale Literary Magazine, we will earnestly endeavor not to compel our contributors or ourselves to a flat contradiction of our title page.

In what we have just said, we by no means wish to have it supposed that we fondly imagine the present Board to excel in taste or intellect, all, or any of its predecessors. No more do we wish to have it supposed that during the present year all the literary world will stand on tiptoe anxiously waiting for the publication of each successive Lit.; but we do imagine that with that hearty and generous support which the Magazine deserves at the hands of its friends, it will take its true position in the estimation of College, and supply a want which is neither new, nor insignificant in its demands. Again, we by no means desire to exclude local articles whose intrinsic merit deserves for them a publication, but quite the contrary. Many, very many, of the best contributions which we shall have during the present year, will doubtless be local in their character. Other things being the same, we would of course give a local piece preference over any other. On many accounts they would be more acceptable to a majority of our readers than any other similar class of subjects which could be selected. We desire to preserve, if possible, the golden mean between articles wholly literary on the one hand, and those wholly local on the other. To confine our selection, therefore, to the narrow and limited range of the latter, would be entirely out of the question. There is,

* During the year of 1858 an article was contributed by a Student to the Lit.—rejected for the reasons stated, and subsequently published in DeBow's Review.

however, a sense in which all our pieces will be local. Our mode of thought, the general character of our ideas,—to some extent the natural result of our College training,—will be more or less distinctive in their character, and thus give us a kind of localism in writing, which is by no means geographical, but which pervades the broader fields of active mental life.

There is a false impression quite prevalent in College in regard to the Yale Lit., which we particularly desire to remove. It has been thought by many, that for the most part, the Magazine is intended for the especial benefit of a few favored persons of the Senior Class. Hence it is that we believe it has not received that support from the writers in other Classes, who would otherwise have been glad to contribute, which it really deserves at their hands. Now this is all wrong. The Yale Lit. is essentially a *College Magazine*. It is the organ of no Society or Class. Let any man, then, be he Senior, Junior, Sophomore or Freshman, who has anything to say on any subject which would interest Students, and which would not be inconsistent with the general character of the Magazine, write out his thoughts with what strength and elegance Providence and his own education have given him, and submit them to our consideration. We will at least give his articles a careful and impartial examination, and, let us add, respect the privacy of sealed envelopes.

There is still another thought to which we wish to call attention in the plan of our proposed management, and that is this. We desire our columns to be as free as possible from all invidious Class distinctions. We shall endeavor to remember that our duty does not demand of us a supervision over the scholarship or general character of any Class; much less an unwarrantable fling at whatever does not happen to suit our individual fancy. We shall aim rather to give to the Lit. variety of topic, liberality of sentiment, and open its columns to all writers who shall, in a vigorous manner, improve our present College literature, and make us better and happier Students in our sojourn at Yale.

With what success we shall meet it is certainly not for us to predict. When we reflect that we have been called upon to conduct, through another year, the oldest College Magazine existing in this country; when we reflect too, that no where else, perhaps, is criticism more keen, and no where certainly is it *more plentifully dealt out*; we almost shrink from the responsibility which the kindness of a Class

has imposed upon us. But when, on the other hand, we reflect, that not to us alone, but to the "Students of Yale College," as representing their thoughts and life, rests the verdict of the Lit.'s success, not altogether without hope, we will endeavor to add our mite to the prosperity of that Magazine, which this year will have completed the history of a quarter of a century.

W. H. F.

Will America ever have a Novelist?

Above the noise of the petty wars during the Middle Ages, and above the hoarse shoutings of the combatants, there still come floating down, the wandering echoes of some softer voice, whose natural melody startles us, as the country people were startled when they heard, upon the quiet midnight air, Nell's clear notes mingling with the rude singing of the drunken boatmen. Bookworms, rummaging in the libraries of the Old World, by skillful mending, have made out to join these snatches of song, and give them to us in a shape not altogether unintelligible. Nevertheless, whether as ballad or legend, we can discover in them the source of "fictitious literature," and can notice, besides, that it arose not as a luxury, but as a necessity. Naturally, the beginning was rough. "The great *Iliad* in Greece," says a writer whose style betrays him, "and the small *Robin Hood's Garland* in England, are each, as I understand, the well edited 'Select Beauties' of an immeasurable waste imbroglio of Heroic Ballads in their respective centuries and countries. Think what strumming of the seven-stringed heroic lyre, and beating of the studious poetic brain, and gasping here too in the semi-articulate windpipe of poetic men, before the Wrath of a Divine Achilles, the Prowess of a Will Scarlet or Wakefield Pindar, could be adequately sung."

We do not need to be told that every country has its fanciful traditions, derived from this "beating of the studious poetic brain." Ocean, in her bosom, held some cave—paved with pearl, and festooned with sea-weed—where Neptune lived. Each brook, as it sparkled on "to join the brimming river," was thought to lull to sleep a nymph. The oak concealed a faun or grace; while every leaf was gifted with the presence of a supernatural little being, weaving a tiny woof of

human good or ill. Germany is full of fantastic tales, Scotland has her "little men in gray," and elves and dwarfs; and it may be, perhaps, that to-night, the Irish boy listening to the wind wailing across the moor, will cower closer in the corner of his peat-thatched hovel, as he hears—high above the storm—the ill-boding cry of some unhappy Banshee. It is in this way, as we see, that an era of strange events, or a fading race—like the setting sun—throws its loveliest colors over the expanse of the next century's thought; and it is easy, moreover, to observe that this mark of age has hitherto been deemed an essential in the composition of an entertaining Novel.

But, as respects these things, America is preëminently a New World. Irving, it must be admitted, has invested the Hudson with a smell of rank tobacco, and made it suggestive of Dutch stubbornness and martial glory; yet, as we feel with him, only through our faith in Colonial history and admiration of his old-fashioned humor, the romance of this stream is melting away before the realities of fast packets. There are no old castles crowning its cliffs, toward which the lazy traveler, from his self propelled canoe, can turn an expectant eye, looking for spectres of headless Hessians or lovelorn damsels; but the modern brick edifice is there instead, redolent of fresh paint, affording not only entire gardeners, but chamber-maids, who—with their waists of no mean circumference—are removed very far indeed from pensive ghosts.

America was to be a land—if we may reason from her past—which, in the energetic language of Mr. Sparkler, "should have no bigodd nonsense about her." Apparently no country should outstrip her in the dreaminess of its myths. She ripened under a bright heaven, and was inhabited by a nomadic race, possessed of veneration and imagination; whose wise men sat by their wigwam fires, and, as the thunder muttered out of doors, repeated legends handed from family to family, worthy of an almost Oriental fancy. Speaker and listener have vanished long ago. Unused to artificial wants, they have left behind no memorial; and the Manitou they worshipped so well in their rude way, has scattered autumn leaves above them, and hidden from the unappreciating gaze of their civilized brother, all record of their humble hopes and loves. Now, if our forests concealed cities magnificent even in desolation—as Uxmal—we would not be compelled to bring our novels across the Atlantic. It was otherwise decreed, however. Yucatan obtained the treasures we so sorely need;

and now unvalued, they are trembling under the fierce grip of that Vandal, the Alamo. Whole stories of hate and sorrow—human, and therefore like our own!—waiting through many generations for a single sympathizing reader, are gradually passing away; and each day beholds some sculptured giant prostrate, which, the natives say, nightly became endowed with life, and in the moonlight used to go stalking about his ancient palace with a ghastly show of pomp.

Furthermore, we are scantily supplied with another material invariably used, till lately, in the construction of a successful Novel. We have no clusters of ruddy-cheeked Customs, which come down to us in a hale old age, fighting lustily against the Practical, with which we can garland the annual festivities. The Yule Log, the sports of Twelfth night, the jovial fireplace—extending itself without let or hindrance to the utmost limits of a warm-hearted chimney—the conservative fire dogs stretching their legs out on either side to heat them comfortably; all these have disappeared under the mathematical logic of American Character. Our Santa Claus, instead of being a rollicking, cider-swigging old Bacchus, has become a sharp-eyed tradesman, who pays his shoemaker on Christmas and puts a rate-of-interest table in the suspiciously clean stocking of his youngest son. Macauley has settled beyond cavil what nobody pretended to deny, that “the merrie days” of England were not as prosperous as ours are; yet “merrie” they will always seem to us, as, drifting down the current of Free Trade, we see behind us the years robed in the cloudlets of increasing distance. Clouds are, at best, but wet and chilling things; though to us who are far off they seem beautiful beyond expression; and Ivanhoe may actually have a bloated face and fishy eye, or the Round Table be made of the poorest of English oak,—still the hours go by light-winged while we are hearing Scott or Tennyson. In fact every Poet or Novelist is walking in an Old World of his own, real once; while the moonlight silvers each moss-grown arch or ivy-covered column; while the ghosts are gliding about the ruins; and the Thinker, as he strays among the long-forsaken temples of Philosophy, brushing away the flowering parasites which cling to some opinion, traces in its uncouth shape, the germ of that idea which after-time has polished into symmetry. America cannot have these tokens of pre-existence, and for our writers to attempt to encircle her with its peculiar charm, is like putting a gray wig over the flowing locks of youth. For the most part, we may buy foreign products for money, but nothing shall

induce a sleepy ghost—regular in nightly walks—to quit a lonely tower, that he may haunt a newly-furnished house upon Fifth Avenue. Among the visionaries that our land affords, what Toby Veck can be discovered, so gormandizing when hot tripe is anyway concerned, as to dream about imp-bearing chimes rung out by any modern church bells? Why, our Sextons are young men! and if they should clamber up—as the real Trotty did—where their bells hang, what would they find besides lately-settled dust, and freshly-smelling pine? Ten to one their caster is alive, eating his modicum of pork from day to day, and briskly stepping off to Church to the beat of his own bells. Alas for Jonathan's literature! though we have Scrooges innumerable, there is hardly a house in North America old enough to tempt the philanthropic Marley. There may have been goblin Pequods roaming about our hills, in the old time; yet at the misty dawn of October 11, 1792, it would seem as if the crowing of some stentor-like cock must have echoed through the entire land, telling each dusky ghost that it was time to go home to his damp coffin, for his night of Ages had at length come to a close.

I have been speaking of *popular* Novels; such as Scott attracts us with, flinging his fairy rings trodden by noiseless feet around every old tree in the Highlands; or such as *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, horrible to the young and tender mind; but all of us well know (for all have read *Jane Eyre* and *The Newcomes*,) that a respectable collection has other works than these. There is a sort, that, rejecting the assistance of imagination and superstition, professes to deal with facts unpleasant and undeniable. Its exponents are not afraid to stretch long minatory fingers at virtue as she appears in the fashion-plates. They talk of Society, argue on its theories of living, test its workings, and satirize its delinquencies. If we are to credit their own report, these have no moonshine about them—no white figures of invariable taciturnity—no drowsy gossipers beside the ale-house hearth; but they stand like Thackeray—with upturned nose and sour visage—at the ball-room entrance, listening impatiently to the flirting, and uttering unmistakable sarcasm, as they reflect upon the life and services of Rev. Mr. Creamcheese. Here then, we would decide was the kind for America to interest the world with, were it not for the serious obstacle, that before we can have a Society Novel, we must have a Society to write about. Geologists would have us believe that the earth—although Aeolus has been blowing it like a huge hot potato for a few

hundred centuries—remains partially uncooled to this day; and we can as readily comprehend how the red-hot Republicanism of 1776 has gathered no ashy film of aristocracy by 1860. Besides our Society, in one sense, is utopian. Nobody can find it. Yesterday Mr. Jones, possibly, was a member of it “in good and regular standing,” negotiating—through his dignified chief-butler—purchases of eggs, lard, etc., from the ignoble Smith on the back street; but to-day he fails, and rolls like a terrapin from his social perch into the muddy waves of population, which are forever angrily dashing about Society’s throne; while Smith—having hands still greasy with his own butter—buys the mansion and becomes “an ornament to the community.” The red flag, which many of us will recollect to have seen waving from Mr. Jones’ parlor window, was wafting through the city, with every pulse of air that vibrated against it, two facts; that an auction sale would shortly be held therein, and that Jones had become a desperate man, outlawed forever by one clammy touch of that gaunt old leper, Poverty. Scarcely Mr. Nadget could follow a trail changing so repeatedly! America as she has no legitimate Society, can have no homespun Vanity Fair in her public library.

But we have been looking, all along, at the doubts rather than the hopes. The original instinct always expressing itself in tales or verses—barbarous, if you will, yet with something human in their tone—is working amongst us. The joys and griefs of our life still are waiting to be uttered or relieved; in a word, the primary causes, that make Novels a necessity to the development of every refined mind, are precisely as binding here, where we have many, as beyond the Sea, whence we get many. The question now arises, what is the description of fiction which can possibly be created here?

No one can have failed to notice—have we not felt?—how complete a change has been gradually effected in the opinions of the present time. Mocanna’s silver vail would be no protection against the curious eyes of spectators now-a-days. Human nature suddenly has fallen to tearing limb from limb her bran-stuffed puppets, to see what they are made of. In religion and politics, men are apt to take nothing for granted. Their argument is concise if not valid; if any truth is too good to be looked at, it is too bad to be received. They have, of late, discovered divers momentous facts; among them, that thunder hurts nobody, and that they see the most frightful sights *when dreaming*. Nor have these discoveries, in all cases, been soothing; but, as they

could find no method of escape, they have been obliged to make as clear as possible, the vague responses of the oracle. They are seized with a shuddering impulse, when they consider their moral welfare, to repeat the proverb stating how a tub must stand. They would be, were it possible, *supernaturally* alive to the fact that Damon must hang for his own crime, and that not a soul goes to hell by proxy. In no place is this spirit becoming more earnest than in our own country. The writings of Carlyle, perhaps the deepest thinker in the world, were getting read and understood here, while the titled ones of England were keeping them—as Lord Chesterfield kept Dr. Johnson—waiting in an ante-room, till they should finish the last canto of Don Juan. It will be clear, with little explanation, that a Novel is the proper mode of uttering this thought. The scrutiny of even the slightest grade of social wrong, the kindly truthful exposure of any error, can be brought about in no way so well as by analyzing the subtleties of a character ostensibly fictitious. For, in spite of the scolding of our grandmothers, who were disposed to regard with distrust, even the mild fabrications of Hannah More, we know that no book is more painfully true than the so-called unreal one. Yet if that be false, which has not been sworn to; if all be vicious which is distinct from Euclid; if there is nothing of value in the world but cabbages and turnips, then our grandmothers were right; but under no other circumstances. More than this, let us say that a Novel, (not a sham article, of course,) is the truest volume in secular literature. We should be likely to suspect the sincerity of that man who could read the character of Arthur Pendennis without having a nervous belief that he himself might have sat for some large portion of the picture. A book thus ministering, not to the whims, but needs of men, must be read; and our public seems rapidly disciplining itself to understand what it will teach. Perhaps some boy has been sitting to-day on one of New England's stone fences, and catching glimpses of eternal truths such as no mortal ever beheld before. Or, it may be, that another has been wandering among the cypresses which wave their solemn branches over the waters of the Gulf, and there embroidering with wit and fancy, the deep heart-lessons that he has learned as no one else. Let those of us who reverence genius, look sharply in the throng of youthful writers, and see if we cannot find a single face, clouded by a sad earnestness; or a single eye, through which a big soul looks tearfully out upon a money-making, good-forgetting world!

There is reason to believe, then, that before long, we shall have a really great Novelist, more bitter, more abstract, less imaginative than any who have gone before. We will never have a Dickens. Columbus lived too late for that. Nevertheless, while with each succeeding year, we confess anew the power and nobleness of his inimitable stories, we shall, by-and-by, place by the side of the Christmas Carol some soul-biography of our own, which shall persuade us to be juster men and shall make our daily life a holier thing. s. s.

College versus Character.

Toward Italy every student, sculptor and artist, always looks with longing interest, and whoever makes an artist's pilgrimage to that land of soft skies and mellow sunsets, is sure of a cordial welcome from the foster-mother of art and science. It is there that there is found every cast and mould of sculpture, and every shade and variety of painting, and, if one has any taste or aptitude for either of those great master-arts, it can hardly fail to be improved and developed by Italian culture. Not every such novice becomes a proficient in his chosen art, and yet, they can hardly fail to be strengthened and ennobled as they hold communion with those old masters of those noblest arts. And thus to sit at the feet of the fathers, to gaze up into the faces of those beautifully expressive Madonnas, to try to determine from those nicely blended tints, shades and colors, what feelings and emotions thrilled the earnest heart, and guided the skillful hand of the one who carefully fashioned those life-like representations of love, purity and faith, and to draw from this an inspiration to incorporate into one's artistic life, an inspiration which shall bear him away from all the grossness of the material world, and give him an easy and triumphant entrance into the etherial regions of imitative life; to do all this, though it may seem to us the hardest of tasks, is esteemed by the artist the dearest of privileges. Day after day do crowds of busy aspiring artists fill the picture galleries of the imperial city, and little by little do they catch enlivening glimpses of that true artistic life, which is the ideal of all their conceptions, and the goal of all their desires.

Not very unlike these artists who live and move in a life and atmosphere of the past, are the students who to-day cluster thoughtfully around the almost sacred hearthstones of dear old Yale. We are workers in pictures and statues, and, though we trace them not on canvass, nor work them out from marble, we fashion them upon a more enduring substance, for we are artists in character.

Beneath every truly great life, there is found a firm, noble character. To form such a character, to work it into symmetry in all its parts, to blend with true artistic skill all the shades and colors that are furnished us, is the legitimate work of our years of preparatory culture. Nor is it a work to be pursued at random without plan or method, but by as much as it is the most important work that ever claims the attention of the individual man, by so much the more is there need of a careful and discriminative discipline. We should be much less ardent than we are in our advocacy of collegiate education, did we not believe College to be the great school for character, and our strong love for the system would be changed to bitter hatred, did we not believe College to be the place to form *good* character. We come here ignorant alike of the world without and the world within, with only here and there an outline traced in the ground work of these fabrics, upon which are to rest our lives, and we go away with those outlines closely filled, perhaps for good, perhaps for ill.

But if there be any who leave these walls with characters unfitted to meet the proper demands of a manly life, we are glad to believe that they are the exceptions and not the rule; and a most serious mistake is made by those who infer the general tenor of College influence from exceptional individual cases. It is the same sunlight that strengthens and vivifies the beautiful fragrant flower, which warms into luxurious growth the noxious weed, but not for that reason would we will an opaque medium between the sun and earth. Wherever light comes, there is life and growth; and, if now and then a worthless tare struggles upward, there is many a full head of wheat too heavy for its slender stalk. The natural and legitimate influences of College life on personal character are good, and not as some would have us believe, directly antagonistic to every principle of morality and virtue. The question how much College is worth to us as scholars, we may try to answer at another time, but shall now try to notice something of the obvious workings of Collegiate training upon the vigorous and manly life of the individual.

One of the greatest needs of the age would be triumphantly met, if that indefinite, and in many respects very ignorant personage, "the public," could be brought to intelligently consider the true relations of educational culture to personal character. The discipline of College life is finite in its power, eminently adapted to meet some demands, and utterly impotent to satisfy others; and, if precisely what it *can* and *cannot* do were known, it would be vastly better for all concerned.

The farmer is justified in looking for an abundant harvest if the seed he sows be good, but let him first settle that point before he mentally measures his prospective crop. If persons possessing the germs of true manhood, be brought under College culture, the natural tendency of its influence is to make them sober, earnest men. The first foundation stones of every structure must be laid down deep and broad, and one of the earliest needs of true education is the impressing upon the mind of a healthful liberality. And when this is done, progress commences, and the way to success seems clear and open. The spirit of College training is a liberalizing spirit, for, whoever becomes extensively conversant with either the books of antiquity, or the men of to-day, cannot fail to take a broader and more unselfish view of life. And, when the scales of selfishness have thus dropped from our mental vision, so that we are enabled to look out beyond the narrow boundary of our own hopes and desires, we have firmly laid the corner stone of manly education. Very much of local and partisan feeling attaches itself to the earliest years of life, and it is these characteristics of the boy, that culture has to eradicate in the man.

The associations of College life are adapted to affect this, because we are brought into contact with minds and hearts not yet entirely free from the enlivening dew of life's early morning, and living in a little world of mind, the influence of mental induction is almost incalculable. Barriers reared by early prejudices are destroyed, long established channels of thought and feeling are broken up, and we commence a new and more liberal mental life. There is a freshness and earnestness about young minds, which exert precisely the influences needed to rightly develop character. Young men act from conviction, not from policy, and, if now and then they act wrongly, they act truly and humanly, and truth and humanity are safe guardians of character. College associations, too, infuse into our social life a warmth and generosity which contribute much to true manhood, and we dare believe that Students, more than any other class, are qualified to

become the stanchest of Patriots and noblest of Reformers, because their culture makes them large-hearted men. After realizing the existence of any power that has been conferred upon us, the next step is to place that power under proper culture. And there is no power so delicate in its formation, so susceptible of the gentlest influences, and so strong in its accomplishments as the human heart.

Nor are there any associations in life so well adapted for heart-culture as those of College. The facts of common tasks and common pleasures, necessarily beget a strong sympathy, which, first arising from community of position, soon finds an avenue to the heart, and leaves there a lasting impress of nobler, generous frankness. As the purest pearls are far down in the deepest seas, and as the great wealth of our earth lies far below its surface, so the worth and power of our human natures rests below the reach of superficial influences, and can be worked upon and developed only by thorough and persistent culture. Such culture arises from College associations; for College, class and society ties all tend to the same end,—the expansion of the heart.

The influences then arising from student association and student sympathy are only good in themselves, and if amid them all, we keep not our hearts pure, let us charge it upon the common weaknesses of humanity, and not to our Alma Mater. We may not be perfect patterns in every virtue, but we surely are not proficient in every vice, and the parting circles on our College campus year after year, testify to the efficiency of our associations here, to call into action the purest and deepest feelings of our natures. Let no one say, then, that College culture is a failure, so long as it teaches men to think and feel, and let no one seek to throw lines of restraint around the frank and cordial heart intercourse of students, for if we be *κηρόθεν φίλοι*, here, we shall be *κηρόθεν φίλοι' αεί*. So long then as College life has such direct relations, both to the solid and emotional parts of men's natures, and so long as these stern old elms shall yearly witness many a tender parting; and many a strong tension, almost to snapping asunder of intertwined heart-strings, we shall have buoyant and earnest hopes for ourselves and for the world. And justly too shall we hope for our own success, because whatever life is governed by the dictates of a heart large and warm, will be in the highest and truest sense a success; and with reason shall we hope for progress in the world, because it is made nobler and better by every successful life.

J. L. S.

Men.

WHEN one really looks and thinks, as the days pass over him, and life moves on within and without, what is there in the world but one continued wondering? All is problem and mystery, and among the greatest is this: You and I, bound as twin brothers by a thousand unmistakable, unalterable bonds of affinity, yet with an infinite separation between our souls,—you in your little circle of circumstances, and I in mine, thinking the self same thoughts, as the same mornings, and noons, and nights, tick themselves away with their burdens of the universal hopes and sorrows, yet with this ceaseless sense of individual indentivity throbbing through each of us his separate *Ego*,—his intrinsic consciousness of *me* and *mine*, as the only realities in the universe. Surely the great mystery of creation;—the man, as a mere member of a united whole, only one little *nerve* of the great heart of the race—and the man, as a single being, walking through all eternity, changeless and unchangeable. No mortal can solve it; only poets can dream of a solution, in such hinted possibility as this,—

The baby new to earth and sky,
What time his tender palm is pressed
Against the circle of the breast,
Has never thought that "this is I:"
But as he grows he gathers much,
And learns the use of "I" and "me,"
And finds "I am not what I see,
And other than the thing I touch:"
So moulds he to a separate mind
From whence clear memory may begin,
As through the frame that binds him in
His isolation grows defined.
This use may lie in blood and breath,
Which else were fruitless of their due,
Had man to learn himself anew,
Beyond the second birth of Death.

We all remember that day in our boy-life when first the individual "I" thus isolates itself, and grasps the truth, that *my* identity is of no more importance in the great sum of things than any other single one of these that are born, and eat, and die about me; nay, more—is of less importance than many, because worse or weaker than they. And as the truth dawns upon the mind that all men are *not* equal, that he

himself must go through his existence inferior in brain and soul to many of his fellows, the mind opens with a great sigh to take in this truth ; patiently, sometimes—oftener with the whole heart rebelliously clenched against it.

Though it so engrosses our thoughts at the first fresh look into life, this question, what we *are*, neither we for ourselves, nor the world for us, sufficiently consider. Men get estimated by all sorts of criterions but this one of their real inherent inner nature. We honor such as do noble things,—we punish all who do evil things ; but how unutterably more pitiful to *be* evil—to be born into a universe ringing with rich harmonies, and stand there forever striking false notes. Weakness and wickedness breaking into actions, men take immediate account of ; but weakness and wickedness merely stamped into the soul as a birth-right, so long as no statutes are violated, and no good man's dinner delayed, is little heeded. And so the old untruth is quite believed, that all men are born on equal footing ; and your real, fore-ordained scamp, for whom nature has been preparing that label through an endless chain of previous accidents and laws, makes himself easy in the highest seat of the synagogue, regardless of the doctrines which confidently damn him in prospective, for what he knows well enough is not his fault.

This innate distinction of species in the genus homo, man blunders over, through looking at himself too humanly. I mean that we consider our race as entirely unique—without parallel or analogy in the whole existing creation ; whereas if we could for a day look through the unprejudiced eyes of a dog, or meditative ox, we should get a clearer view of the blight we mortals are on the earth. From that standpoint it would appear that the animal man does not differ from the animal horse, save in *degree*, on the scale of life,—superior by the matter of a thumb joint, or some inches of brain pulp,—scarcely enough to to exalt us above humility, one would think. We should see the dog-race *not* altogether born on equal footing ; this one with the grace of strength and intelligence in limb and eye,—that one lean and misshapen, with lips drawn in ugly snarls,—spiteful and snappish from kennel to grave. And then a degree higher up are men careering on *their* scale—from *cradle* to grave bearing differences just as unalterable as among their quadruped counterparts. Considering which differences, this strikes one as true,—that while society stands together, guarded by law, the *better* should govern the worse, and he

who *knows* should control and compel him who does not know : wherefore we had as well throw dice for our rulers and have done with it, as to play our national farce of ballot-boxes, to the amusement of all Christendom. You cannot much alter the nature of a man either, when he is once got into the world—though it is well enough to preach the duty and meritoriousness of self-improvement, both because it is fortunately not entirely a mere word, and because for the lowest to clearly understand that they *are* lowest and worst, and must so remain, would be too hopeless, and suggestive of suicide. Indeed, it is not impossible that, as it is, that of suicide will be the end of it at last ; for as the world's wisest grow wiser, the evil will be clearer seen, and the misery keener felt, and by and by these wisest will rise up in sudden indignant wrath, and utterly destroy those strikers of discord before mentioned ; and then in unutterable helplessness and despair will choose to die together rather than live ; and then—there is an end of the human experiment forever ; and the next race will arise and play the same old tragedy, race after race, so long as the earth lasts for their stage, and the stars burn on for footlights. It is almost useless to talk of new theories and systems while men remain the same. The real reform needed is a reform in creation. Not a better earth, nor purer theology, nor new forms of society, but the birth of new and nobler men.

The lower animals are kept free from degeneracy of blood, the best “breeds” preserved from taint, and only the perfect specimens of the purest stock allowed to live, without any miracle-working on the farmer's part. And have ye of learning found no fixed laws which regulate *human* propagation, that it might become a science ? or is this soul-germ too holy a thing to be meddled with ? One would think *not*, from the incessant clinking and creaking of the guillotine and gallows around the earth, for how could it be more sacrilegious to direct what sort of souls should come *into* the world, than this summarily sending them *out* again when they have come. Consider too how millenium would hasten if we could send orders into eternity, over the borderland of birth, for precisely whatever men and women were needed !

It suggests itself, however, that there might be a difficulty in deciding what phase of human nature does nearest approach to the perfect one. If man could discover wherefore he was ever put in the world, or if by any means there could be definitely pointed out something really worth staying for now he *is* in, the question would be at

once and forever settled, as to what manner of man is the very *best*. For it would be simply he who should go most earnestly about that which he was put here to do. Do you suggest that for you, at least, this has been discovered, and you have something worth living for? One rejoices to hear that you even *believe* so; yet if the earth's Master should in reality appear to you next midnight, and ask what you were doing here, cumbering his ground, there is room for suspicion that you would have no better answer than that you couldn't help it—certain laws of nature tumbled you into life, and you didn't exactly see any way but to stay here. The simple truth is, you are just living to wait for death; any more immediate purposes and pursuits are merely the shoving and elbowing in the crowd for a good standing-place, till that final pageant shall approach, black-palled and slowly treading, which for you is the last scene of the world's carnival.

One class of men though, there is, who can scarcely be accused of having no interest in the world; they are the men of much practical common-sense. In the city, your shrewd business-man—keen for a bargain either in politics or trade; in the country, your hard-working farmer—"whose talk is of oxen" and the crops—to whom refinement and culture is aristocratic and an abomination. While there are extant among us these, and off-shoots of them, strayed into every department and circle of life, to whom art is an affectation, and poetry "stuff," and nature a great market garden, how could we have had the face to talk of the human race as a history of souls? We must have forgotten that life and death are mere sentimentality—that this present planet is the only *reality* in God's whole universe.

Poor petrifications of men! it were well if for once *you* could forget it, or forget to believe it; for one shudders even to imagine you, at last when the great veil is being lifted, with your weazened, world-crusted soul, cringing into the dim outskirts of the presence of the Eternal.

Yes, it is obviously human nature that needs renewing. We are withered in this age into a dry and angular way. Our practical friends must needs hew and hack off all the symbols and forms, the world's graceful curves and rounded outlines, down to the actual stark bones of it. It was well enough to sneer at soap-bubble sentiment, rainbow-hued—to banish back into old barbarous days the lance and helm—yet it was to be remembered that man *needs* forms of some noble sort; blind-born, he has not learned yet to walk without them—

happy enough if he do not stumble and get lamentable falls even *with* them—happy enough, with eyes well *aimed* towards heaven, along the carven shaft of Cathedral spire, and spirit borne half way thither on gush of glorious organ-music, if even then he can get lifted above the smoke and work-din of the lower ground; and too hazardous, as we ourselves have seen, to leave souls to grope for the presence of something to worship, among bare walls and rough-hewn rafters; has it not made a theology bleak and bitter as the very New England blasts? Bracing enough, possibly, to those already strong, yet one shivers under it.

Better even to cleave to the old forms of tossing plume and golden spur, than to lose the old knightly spirit; better a thousand times, the iron breastplate and the great heart beating behind it, than the pinched, sniveling soul of latter-day common-sense, decently covered with the democratic cotton shirt; under which if there can exist only emotions of how-much-a-yard, for God's sake let it hop back over the counter whence it came, and forevermore decorate clerklly symmetry, and ninths of men, while whole men and gentlemen take to something else, even if it were somewhat feudal.

I know poetry will not support wives or feed hungry children—neither will what little soul a man has live altogether on tape or buttons, or any combination of earth-dust whatever. It will do to air the sarcasm (tender-budding,) on such catch-words as romance and “finer sensibilities;” yet, oh my brothers, if there be nothing more in us than we show each other when we meet at street corners—if solitude and midnight light up no diviner depths in our eyes than the chance talk of noon and morning,—then the Universe were better off if we hanged ourselves straightway; even from doors and out of windows, if there be no tree at hand.

One doesn't like to croak continually, but when this peerless animal—Lord of the earth—Conqueror of death—has got into such a state that his holiest hopes, his *only* hopes of anything better than a short, spasmodic sprawl or two here on the lower ground—have come to be a disagreeable subject of thought, thrown aside for a furtive glance on Sunday, there is nothing for it but to turn about and take grim counsel with Seckendorf—sullenly concluding that we would at least get *peace*, not undesirable, if we would stop groping for anything better; if “man, who—like the god Apis—was wont to pass now for a god and now for an ox, would know himself, once for all, to be veritable ox, and graze contentedly.”

E. R. S.

Morning.

I dreamed that I entered, at break of day,
A Chapel, old and mossy and gray,
Where a congregation kneeled and heard
An old monk read from a written Word.
No light through the window panes could pass,
For shutters were closed o'er the rich stained glass,
And, in a gloom like the nether night,
The monk read on by a taper's light.
Ghostly with shadows, that shrank and grew
As the dim light flared, were aisle and pew,
And the congregation that kneeled around
Listened with not a stir or sound—
Save one, who rose with a wistful face,
And shifted a shutter from its place;
And light flashed in like a flashing gem—
For morning had come unknown to them—
And a slender beam, like a lance of gold,
Shot to a crimson curtain-fold,
Over the bended head of him
Who pored and pored by the taper dim.
And it lit into fire o'er his wrinkled brow,
Such words—*the law which was till now*;
And I wondered that, under that morning ray,
When night and shadow were scattered away,
The olden monk with his locks of white,
By a taper's feebly flickering light,
Should pore and pore with his withered sight—
Should grope in the gloom and never seem
To notice the golden morning beam.

H. R. S.

Our Literary Idea.

THERE are such associations of learning connected with the history of great Colleges, that it must be an irreverent mind which feels indifference toward a College worthy of the high distinction of the name. These associations are the eminence of this history. They dictate its

character, and since they are written seem to constitute its importance. Colleges are not simply schools of discipline, but are seats of learning as well. They design not to nourish the mere *study* of Homer's syntax, but the *knowledge* thereof; nor simply of Homer's syntax, but of his poetry too, knowing full well, that but a plebeian culture, at best, will result from study too little devoted to gather in a love and understanding of what is plainly grand and beautiful. In a new country and an anomalous age, when the national life has not yet passed the fierceness of its materialism, it is to be expected that our education should conform itself somewhat to the ideas of the times. Yet an established College like Yale has always a tendency to follow the general law of Universities and become a seat of learning. It is true that in Yale or in any American College, this element is not complete, but we have it distinct and established. We have a College sanctified by age and fame, with, if we choose to feel it, a pure spirit of Student life operating about all its old buildings, its libraries, its elms and green, and even stretching out into the streets of the old University town. We have thus a glorious Student home, and have, independently of the intellectual discipline of the studies, a distinct literary life. In return for these privileges, the great fame of our College demands that the Students shall respond to it through the elevation of their pursuits, and their sympathy with the true idea of learning. May it not be made evident that we answer this demand with imperfect duty?

Every College has a characteristic Literary Idea. Ours is not sufficiently serious and devoted. The first tendency of this (of course there are exceptions to this standard) is toward the *exclusive* cultivation of polite learning, and comparatively light literary accomplishments. If you abstract the seriousness and devotedness from a literary life, it will unavoidably run into the exclusive cultivation of what is easy, genial and polite, as certainly as if you could take its seriousness and devotedness from the year it would run forever in the channels of the spring. This tendency is apparent among us. There is a great tendency in certain circles to accept Charles Lamb or Charles Kingsley for more than they profess themselves to be. I use this simply as an instance. Addison and Goldsmith, and Macaulay, assume the stead of their own masters. Or when we read Tennyson, or Milton, or Shakspeare, we consider that in this we have done not the best and the highest, but the *only* best and the *only* highest. We are given to study literary history, too, rather than the history of

thought, the history of men rather than works. These tendencies are all toward narrowness. We are not sufficiently catholic. We allow our Literary Idea to cramp our energies and aspirations. If a Sophomore or a Junior has learned to rise above the level of Longfellow, and in the truthfulness of discipleship has chosen the worthier livery of Tennyson, he is apt to be content. When he has only given assurance that he is competent to enjoy much of what is good in literature, but does not even know yet what all this is, he supposes himself accomplished in learning and taste as far as he need to be in College. This is by no means an impossible instance. Thus we have drawn down the sky in narrow bounds about us, and have made it a barrier through which we cannot ascend, instead of letting it remain a blue immensity of distance up and through which far beyond where we can see, our wanderings might be illimitable. We have contracted our literary sweep, and the worst feature is that we are ignorant of our self-deprivation, and content with our narrow possessions. The second tendency of our present Literary Idea is to superficialism. No one has ever read profoundly who has confined himself to polite literature. The inclination is all in the direction of either pure enjoyment or a superficial eagerness for accomplishments, neither of which will lead to profound reading. We skim novels and are sometimes inclined to think that we have read to advantage, if we answer the young lady on whom we call the next evening, when she politely asks if we do not think that *The Mill on the Floss* is *elegant*, and *The Tale of Two Cities* *charming*. And ten to one we will say it *is* charming, and *think* so too, if we are not careful. And we have our individualities. Our Junior or Sophomore who has read Whately is likely to criticise style, the Latin and Saxon elements of diction, the presentation of points. The truth, the poetry, and the more important outstretching human kindliness, may perhaps escape him. And thus we often do not take in a book entire, because we are not devoted enough, and sometimes do not read even novels (for they have the force of a revolution in our day) with acceptable spirit, with whole spirit. Sometimes we treat poetry as badly; and the instance is not isolated where a tolerably earnest friend of Tennyson has read the *Idyls* precisely as he (very unworthily) read *Ivanhoe*. This manifests the spirit with which, even here at College, we sometimes read poetry. We read Milton probably better than any other poet, but how comparatively few, who have Shakspeare constantly on their tables, really read him with the

reverence and thoughtfulness which belong to us as a part of our literary duty. Do we indeed realize all the truth that is in Charles Lamb's notion of grace, before Milton, and Shakespeare, and Spenser? Superficialness is apparent in our passion for Reviews, Encyclopedias, and other catalogues of facts and opinions. Some of us insist that everything shall be abridged. We gather our facts and judgments after they are boiled down to an easy compass. The Beauties of Ruskin finds some favor; at any rate the book is not rejected, and Dana's Household Book of Poetry saves some from much less commendable compilations. Still another exemplification is the oratorical taste, showing the same deficiency in seriousness and devotedness. We in too great degree cherish the delicate oratory of Wendell Phillips and Edward Everett, while Demosthenes is neglected, and Burke used chiefly for prize debates. Something might be illustrated from our study of Carlyle, too, if it was necessary.

Some of the manifestations of our Literary Idea have thus been mentioned, with some examples to show that even while we support the greater fault of advancing to little beyond the realm of belles-lettres, we are not exempt from grave faults in respect to that itself. The results of these are plain. 1. Our standard of learning and accomplishment, though graceful and commendable as far it goes, is far below what is commensurate with the dignity, the fame, and the pretensions of a great College. 2. The powerful discipline which should be gained from our literary life here, is immeasurably less than it should be. Nothing in the English Universities, as we may gather from the history of great English minds, has so assisted their discipline as the learning which they have recommended. This too will be found to be the secret of the different study of the classics in England and America. It is the wide, generous learning of the English Universities, which constitutes the relish for the classics. At present we are in great part losing both the classic and other higher learning, and its generous discipline of the mind, soul and heart, through our defective Literary Idea. 3. We go from College with narrower views of learning than it is competent, in view of happiness and success, to have. We get too little sympathy with the solid learning which the world so carefully treasures. We come here as to a fountain of inspiration and knowledge, and go away thinking that we have drunk at it, while it was but one little jet which ever reached us, and which only seemed so rich and beautiful that we easily mistook it for all. The

great mysterious learning which has come down to us laden with benedictions, the great accomplishments of man's intellect, aided and unaided, the discoveries of thought, the wonderful lore of all the ages, the recorded life of the soul, its infinities and subtle manifestations in the up-working life of this great world, its mystic presence on the waters, these are not, in a proper sense, known of among us. In this important feature, in which a great College should chiefly differ from an Academy, we are too little dissimilar, and go too little out of the track of what we have begun before we come to College.

Among the apparent causes of this undesirable state of our literary condition, are, 1. The practical neglect of the subject by the Faculty. To be sure we have gentlemen written down Professors of different languages *and literatures*, but this joke has appeared so persistently in the annual issue of the Catalogue, that, like many of the old jokes about College, it has ceased to excite any merriment at all. But even now we are bound to confess, in honor of the genial mind which suggested it, that it must have been a very rich piece of humor when it first appeared. 2. The comparative want of literary sympathy among the Students. We make almost every other consideration of unity superior to this, our Class feeling and Society feeling. We have really no common ground of intellectual equality in College to meet upon. If we can pull an oar with ability we are admitted into the Society of our equals; but if a man be a Freshman, whatever is his intellectual strength and culture, a Senior, even empty headed, will be sure to consider himself superior. Why should muscular ability produce greater fellowship than intellectual ability, or introduce a man into more equal society? Let us honor muscle for its democracy! This absence of intellectual fellowship not subordinate to twenty other fellowships, denies sympathetic co-study, and all other advantages of mutual encouragement; but would, if permitted to operate, do more in one year toward the intellectual advancement of us all, than the existence of all the Societies in College for an indefinite number of years, if estimated at their present influence. And yet Societies are the chief ground of union and fellowship! 3. We refuse to understand the great old University as it demands to be understood. Some of us go through the whole course, and never even see in the old elms, any but the commonest of beautiful trees, while they ought to have the power with each one of us to arouse us to more devoted study. We forget to appreciate the peculiar spirit of a University which has

grown about the place. To many of us, the trees are common trees, the buildings like any other buildings, except perhaps homelier, the grounds like any most unsanctified grounds, and the library only would be equal to the Astor Library, if it were large enough, and varied enough. We lose too much of that spirit of sanctified life which it is so essential that we should feel, to gain all that we may gain at this or any other great old University.

Think of a man going to Oxford, and saying it is like any other place on the face of the globe! It would be almost equally ridiculous to speak so of Yale. If we lack this appreciation we lack almost all that makes us distinctly Students. If for the first time we read Milton's prose, and do not feel that it is done under the shade of this century and a half home of learning, we might as well be reading it in a physician's study, at intervals of anatomical experiments. And why are we not then doing so? Without this peculiar Student-life thus operating upon us, we will not be likely to enter very far into serious learning and study.

But how shall we improve our Literary Idea? It must be widened and deepened; it is high enough, but not wide enough nor deep enough. Milton and Shakspeare in poetry are high enough, the highest; but after we have added Chaucer and Spenser, and Homer and Æschylus and Virgil, they are still but one part of the whole. We must look to a standard based upon a more perfect knowledge of what is appropriate to a great College. We must be less unworthy of our home, we must take wider examples for our guides, and in casting aside the comparatively light literary stand-point of the present, let us recall to our minds John Milton, Richard Hooker, and others like to them. Let us read their lives with accuracy and affection, and judge the character of Oxford in the days of Hooker from the course of study which he accomplished, in which "even the lighter and more airy parts of learning," says Isaak Walton, "were digested and *made useful*." It must be through emulation of the University Students of history, by studying their spirit and being filled with their inspiration, that we can hope to raise our standard to its proper elevation. And it will be *then* that we shall give the greatest efficiency to the influence of College, in widening and developing our minds and hearts, when we shall learn, from whatever sources, to respect and value a College life, seeing in it a season for serious learning and zealous worship of what is generous and worthy in art, science and literature.

F. M.

"The Testimony of the Rocks."

NOTHING about this somewhat ancient institution speaks more suggestively than the door-steps of its older buildings. They are inscriptions once set upon the ground about here, and since then, by throngs of fugitive feet, re-written-over innumera-ly. What they, inscribed and superscribed, typify, is, of course, as variable as there are different minds to them; certainly their original import—namely, three flights of stairs and dusty chambers overhead—is not their entire meaning. Out of the much, however, which the deeply-worn stones symbolize, there has been gathered this—a fraction of what might be the "Testimony of the Rocks."

I. Sometime ago, (when, does not appear,) there was a young man with whom these two sensations prevailed; one, of astonishment, that he was not more astonished at his situation; another, of wideness—founded on the fallacious notion, that a fixed allowance furnished ampler resources for expenditures than the indefinite provisions of home.—We are not to suppose that some one else had usurped this young man's features and habiliments, and that he was gone to parts unknown, when we learn that very soon after the time we have just been speaking of, no traces of those two sensations were anywhere discoverable in the vicinity. He was yet in town. The astonishment at want of astonishment had, indeed, departed; the sense of wideness, it is true, had suffered so painful a collapse, as to occasion frequent post-scriptings homeward for moneys not yet due; but he, the individual, was still about, and expecting to be for some to come. It is quite easy to see how the change came to pass. That stipend was too limited for much roving about in it; that astonishment has been covered over by later impressions. The fact is, our friend (whose name, it is not impossible, was John) has become familiar enough with the scene about him to look at its parts. "The crowds, the temples," &c., have ceased to "waver." With undazed eyes he has begun to scrutinize closely individual objects. Yet even now, particular occurrences and persons cannot absorb his whole attention. When he sees the "class" pouring from the ogreish building of forbidding recitation rooms, he cannot help thinking that *there* is a crowd of fellows worth beholding.

Indeed, men of loftier situation, on various occasions, have been known to glance inquiringly in that direction, while passing along a neighboring walk : and when obliged to make a path through them, to look anxiously right and left—perhaps to pick their way, but more likely, to get a look at the big men. At such times a gentle warmth suffused John's vest and collar, and even mounted up to his face in a glow of exultation, as he, also, noted these objects of regard. To be sure, the great-ones of his class did not always treat him with the consideration which he would have preferred : the Scholar, the Orator, the Poet, the man of General-Information, was each, undoubtedly, somewhat haughty ; but then :

—Rome bear the pride of him of whom herself is proud :

and he could. These sensations were, of course, transitory, and had not occasions to repeat themselves often ; yet, though altogether they occupied then not two minutes life in a whole year, they afterwards, in retrospect, overtopped the obscurer rubbish of greater things.

Not so fleeting were his thoughts on future friends. He remembered that, before coming, he had often speculated on what would be the likeness and character of those with whom he was to associate while here ; that even then, in that preadamic time, he had looked back upon past companionships, and reflected, with a somewhat saddened anticipation, that he was inevitably circling to an, as yet unknown, and, therefore, mysterious acquaintance. What would they be like ? Who would they be ? Pre-ordained, clearly pre-ordained, and still none the more defined for being certain, who were to be those associates on whom depended so large a share of his quadrennial life ? Questions not answered, though he was now upon the ground. It was impossible for him to tell, whether the small coat with excessive pockets, or the large one without any ; whether the audacious pants, or the meek and retiring trowsers ; whether the huge slouched sombrero, or the epitomized cap, partially encased the soul that was to be in after-times the apple of his eye, and the marrow of his bones. Of course, he could not tell. The answer to such and innumerable other inquiries, lay in that unread, but wonderful, and by far the most profitable of text-books, then and now—Experience.

But, after all, it must be owned that what has been set forth, constituted a very small share indeed of John's every-day life. That, like all every-day life, subsisted on occurrences, which had only to pass

by to be forgotten; occurrences on a par with those noted in a fragment of a diary, commenced by him at an early date:

"Got up—went to prayers and recitation—went to breakfast—went to the post-office—came back and studied my lesson—went to recitation—went to the post-office—came back and went to dinner—read some—studied my lesson—went to recitation—went to prayers—went to supper—went to the post-office—read some—studied my lesson—went to bed;"

and so on, for three weeks, without variation, except in the date, when it was adjourned to be written up during vacation. So occupied, and all the while brooded over and possessed (however else engaged) by an unwearied anticipation of the future, our friend at last arrived at that stage of his journey, whence it was possible to look, also, a little backward.

II. In regard to this period, the testimony is scarcely decipherable. The most that can be made out of its almost illegible characters, is, that this was a year of broken resolutions and dimmer prospect; something savoring of unleavened bread and bitter herbs; something quite indigestibly underdone.

III. It is as clear as can be, however, that John must have survived those unblissful times; for we find him, at last, ruminating on the peacefulness of life, and the growth of the human mind. Ideas, elsewhere, not at all times intimately associated. But it was observable that as he settled into more and more complete tranquillity, so, with equal pace, did he find occasion to congratulate himself and others on increased breadth of views. And truly, his views, if not larger, were more lenient; especially in regard to everything of the dim and passionless past. It was an easy thing now to smile condescendingly at what, not many months ago, had been life-throbs; indeed, even to wag his head graciously at whole avenues of trips and tumbles, and hardly wish them undone, so exceedingly instructive had they been; very easy, for was there not constantly rising through that umbrage of by-gone ignorance, a sweet-smelling savor to present wisdom? And be it understood, he was wiser. Measuring from what had been, he had grown, perhaps, largely: measuring from what had need to be, how little! Very stoutly now he could go down and battle with those pigmy forces, which formerly blocked up his path, and obscured his

vision ; but that his strength was more than equal to the day at hand, does not appear.

But, strong or weak, he was for the most part at ease, and being so, turned no aversive ear to

——— what the inner spirit sings,
'There is no joy but calm!'

Calmly, therefore, was he wont on winter nights to draw the window-curtains close ; calmly to rouse up the sparkling, genial hickory ; calmly to settle himself in a chair of enticing slope, and sink into the mazes of revery. There were no fragments of resolutions around him now, for he made none ; the Present was with him—the Future was still the Future. Yet, not wholly so. A double shadow would obtrude itself, when the long, wearying life-struggle beyond all this, thrust itself before him, hand in hand with those strange figures pressing forward to crowd him from his place. The shadow of the conflict beyond, it is true, would usually soon clear away ; but through the unobstructed prospect of empty bottles and deeply-tinted meerschaums which it left, there still peered the faces of those, who, also, were to succeed the joy of winter evenings, and the peacefulness of perennial pipes. Nor were these the visitors of solitude and despondency ; just as often, they slipped in between him and hilarious comrades, and even dimmed his eyes when but just lighed up by the "sweet poison of mis-used wine." But, after all, they were only shadows, and met with that consideration belonging to what is without strength, form or substance.

IV. It must not be supposed that any changes, which worked themselves out in the character of John's life, depended upon his passing over certain points of the calendar. The mere elapse of a year, or the transfer of a name, were matters of too little moment for such consequences. Whatever modification of this kind happened to him, was brought about by those imperceptible gradations, which take little heed of saints' days or high carnival. Nevertheless, a change of seasons, by bringing about somewhat of a change in his relative situation, produced its corresponding, though not coincident result. And the situation, which the seasons now brought about, was (but for its continual repetition) indeed remarkable.

At length he stood at a point where he seemed to be endowed with two personalities ; one, of a being who finished his career, and would

fain withdraw, gazing upon what had been; another, of a man, who had yet everything to do, and, with no time to ruminate on by-gones, must needs press forward into what shall be. Of course, the shall-be, as the more substantial of the two, gradually subdued and trampled down the had-been; but through the conflict, an old question pushed itself up, and more than ever, authoritatively demanded reply—what was the worth of that education, by the acquiring of which the past had been so completely moulded, and by whose acquisition the future was to be so materially modified? To fit him for his calling? A circuitous rout. To discipline his mind? Yet, for what purpose? Turn it over as he would, there was but one answer—that one rescued from the rubbish of more than two thousand years—namely, "not to sit in the theater, a stone, upon a stone;" not to be, with the spectacle of the universe before him, a clod, upon a clod. Rest the value of his "liberal education" upon any other basis, and the poor ignorant scoffer got the better of the argument. Yes, every University, (he felt,) which ever had been—whether fixed and rich with endowed professorships, or ambulatory, and carrying staff and pouch—had for its ultimate design, the sending forth of instruments somewhat more finely strung. Here, he was conscious, the truth lay. But the truth, in *his* hands, if too severely questioned, soon hid itself under an impenetrable covering of doubts and contradictions; which, it is probable, were always at length cleared away by being forgotten.

One thing, however, was certain, that a great breaking up of present associations and habits was at hand; an exodus, involving, perhaps, more than forty years wandering in a most unpromising wilderness; a cleaving asunder of friendships, and their speedy extinction by death or marriage. All that, of course, was disagreeable. Yet it would be a mistake to infer that he grew thin thereby. The little occurrences of every day, which, by their earthy intervention, hinder us from looking fixedly at the great and sublime, also restrain us from communing too continuously with our sorrows. It was a long time since he had written in the diary. But even now, he was not above going to the post-office or to dinner; and while there was a post-office by which to exercise himself, and a dinner to grow serene over, why should he speculate despondingly on the "cloud that's dragonish?" Besides, there was something exhilarating in getting ready for the great fight. Pleasant as the past had been, doubtful as was the future, he would, on no account, have stepped back and lived his recent life over again. Amid a round,

therefore, of post-offices, breakfasts, dinners, "teas," and slight evening entertainments, and some retrospecting and prospecting, and noisy girding on of armor, he wound up his course. There was a shaking of friendly hands, and of others which had never felt warm before, and he stepped from the threshold, leaving it to be said of him—as (they say) it was wont to be spoken of a dead Roman—"Gone over to the majority!"

— Further the "Rocks" do not testify, but a relative of theirs, Pavement, reports, that going hence, he labored for a while amid some brightness and much shadow; married and gave in marriage; still labored amid some brightness and much shadow; became another ashes to ashes, dust to dust, and left, as the summation of his terrestrial history—begotten—forgotten.

R. O. W.

Book Notices.

Walter Ashwood.—A Love Story. BY PAUL SIOGVOLK. New York: Rudd & Carleton, 1860.

MR. SIOGVOLK is an ex-editor of the "Lit.," of the Class of 1842, and is the author of an interesting book, entitled "Schediasms." Evidently he has traveled much, and has improved his opportunities to study human nature. The present volume, strictly speaking, has but little or no plot, but is a simple delineation and analysis of characters.

The characters are well delineated and, in the main, true. The author shows a keen knowledge of human nature, and a faculty of portraying passion in vivid language. The female characters are sometimes a little lacking in true womanly delicacy. Bertha Pelham's letters, especially, are decidedly "bold," and are by no means in accordance with her other thoughts and actions.

But the temperament of Walter Ashwood is well drawn. True, we seldom meet such a person in real life, but it is easy to imagine that a youth so sensitive and so much abused as he was, would naturally become a hardened man. He would stifle the better feelings of his nature, and thus become a stranger to himself, not knowing when good or evil impulses prompted him. Selfishness would gain complete power over him, and his pride would forbid him to ask pardon of God or man.

We wish he could have died in some other way—for one scarcely likes a half of the principal characters in a book to kill themselves. But in love stories, marriage and death seem to be the only alternatives, and Mr. Siogvolk certainly chose the least common of the two. We think a second reading of the work will give more pleasure than the first.

Poems, by WILLIAM N. HOLCOMBE, M. D. New York: Mason Brothers.

The volume before us is by a fresh aspirant for poetical honors. We are sorry to record, however, that, with occasional exceptions, there is but little to satisfy one for an examination of the book. The only thing really positive about the poems, is the fact that many of them are based, as the author remarks in his preface, upon the "*the beautiful psychological doctrines of Swedenborg*," and those only are worth the reading which embody and partially unfold the curious views of the Swedenborgian school. The book itself, however, presents a most tasteful appearance. It is printed on tinted paper, of a very delicate shade, in neat and very clear type. It looks as though it might be a gauntlet thrown down to the famous Boston firm of Ticknor & Field.

"CARLYLE'S ESSAYS—Revised, enlarged and annotated, by the Author.—In four volumes. Price, cloth, \$1.25 per vol.—half calf, gilt, \$2.50.—half calf, antique, \$2.50. Boston. Brown & Taggard." For sale at College Bookstore, 155 Divinity College.

Everything that Carlyle does, seems, from a literary point of view, so much the work of a Titan, that we are not altogether sure but we feel some hesitation in speaking, no matter how unobtrusively, even of the binding in which his thoughts have just been presented to us: the beam, which this "king of men," years ago, threw into the previously untroubled waters of literature, made such a frightful splashing that we hardly care to be the frog bold enough to hop upon it with intent to criticize. We can say, however, that it is one of those editions, to refrain from stealing which—in the case of a penniless wretch—necessitates moral habits of the highest order. The paper and printing are excellent, each in its kind. The portrait, although not as good, *per se*, as one we have seen in another edition, is undoubtedly quite correct, having been taken from a picture in possession of Emerson. We advise every admirer of these essays, who is yet with-

out a copy, to get this one. On the other hand, that eccentric person who considers that Carlyle teaches "a sickly German Rationalism, etc., etc.," we would strenuously urge to hold fast to his Paley and Edwards, and he will stand no poor chance (as Mr. Squeers admonished young Wackford) of going right slap to heaven and no questions asked.

"SYNTAX OF THE MOODS AND TENSES OF THE GREEK VERB—By W. W. Goodwin, Ph. D. Cambridge; Sever & Francis."

We are firm in our determination not to parade our erudition before College, else we might be induced to ascertain, by personal examination, the precise extent of Mr. Goodwin's indebtedness to "Krüger's *Griechische Sprachlehre*, to Madvig's *Syntax der Griechischen Sprache*, and to Madvig's *Bemerkungen über einige Punkte der griechischen Wortfügungslehre*." Besides, we have been asked to notice especially in what a super-compact and elegant manner the work is bound—creditable to any firm of Publishers. Those that want this book, should by all means call at the College Bookstore, 155 Divinity College.

Brown & Taggard have in press, and will commence publishing on the first of July, 1860, the *Complete Works of Francis Bacon*. These are arranged (after a celebrated London edition) in three classes; 1st, the *Philosophical*; 2d, the *Literary and Professional*; 3d, the *Occasional*. Classes one and two, already published in England, "will make fifteen volumes in the American edition." "Each volume will be an exceedingly beautiful crown octavo, of about five hundred pages. Price, cloth, \$1.50 per volume. Published by subscription; which will be received at 155 Divinity College.

ENVELOPES.—We were shown the other day at the College Bookstore, an entirely new and convenient Envelope for newspapers, magazines, or manuscript writing, of a kind too large for the ordinary letter Envelopes. They are made of fine, substantial buff paper, and we recommend them for their neatness and utility.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

WE have thought it might perhaps be interesting to many of our readers to know something of Yalensian Magazines beyond what they have seen in the medium of the Lit. Probably the most of us, who have not investigated the subject, have supposed that the Yale Lit. was the first Magazine published in this College; and as only those who have taken the pains to examine some of the old numbers of the Lit, especially of the years '53 and '54, in which this same subject is noticed and from which we have freely copied, will be aware of the general mistake, we have, with some hesitation, concluded, in our Memorabilia, to give a brief sketch of the Predecessors of the Lit, which our uninterested readers are of course recommended to skip.

The first periodical published by the students of Yale College was "THE LITERARY CABINET," whose first number was issued in Nov. 15, 1806, by the class of 1807. Its editors were

LEONARD E. WALES,	New Haven.
THOMAS S. GRIMKE,	Charleston, S. C.
JACOB SUTHERLAND,	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

The contributions were not, however, confined to the Editors alone, but were offered by different members of the Senior Class, among whom we mention the late Dr. Taylor of this College.

The general character of the publication, judging from the list of subjects, was, in the main, something like the Lit, but its scope was by no means so extensive and varied. The following "Conditions," published in the first number, will give a tolerable idea of the plan of management:

- I. This Paper will be under the direction of Editors chosen from the Senior Class.
- II. It will be published once a fortnight, on a half sheet, in the octavo form.
- III. Its price will be one dollar per annum,—fifty cents to be paid in advance.

The first No. comprised eight pages of nearly the size of those of the Lit. Of prose matter it contained the prospectus and *one* other article. In the former the Editors conceived of a very praiseworthy plan for disposing of the superfluous cash which arose from the publication of the "Cabinet." That was, by "*an unalterable resolve* to appropriate the pecuniary profit to the education of *poor Students in this Seminary.*" Like all other Editors, the Three of the "Cabinet" used to speculate upon the growth and prosperity of their Magazine. "The Literary Cabinet, it is probable, will exist for many years to come, and future students will zealously contend for the honor of contributing the best pieces to furnish its columns. The papers which we publish will not only be read by persons at present on the stage, but they will be *searched into many ages hence by our successors*, who may want them for the purpose of guides or beacons on their course. * * * *

It is feared by a few individuals that the "Literary Cabinet" is the offspring of an hour, and will perish with the other ephemerals of the day. Disgraceful would it be to this College should such be its fate."

It is only necessary to add that the "few individuals" were pretty nearly right in their conjecture, for the last No. of the "Cabinet" is dated Oct., 1807.

For over six years College literature was not represented by any home publication. At length, however, on the 12th of February, 1814, a new Magazine, called "THE ATHENEUM," published by the Senior Class, made its appearance. Its editors were

WM. B. CALHOUN,	Boston, Mass.
DANIEL LORD,	New York City.
GEO. E. SPULL,	Tarborough, N. C.
WM. L. STORRS,	Middletown, Ct.
LEONARD WITTINGTON,	Dorchester, Mass.

Of this Magazine it is necessary to say but little. The one now on our table we have hastily examined, and with the exception of the "Vagrant" papers which run through all the numbers, there is little to interest the reader.

The Editors adopted the same plan, and almost precisely the same language, of the Literary Cabinet, in regard to their accumulation of riches. "After all the expenses of the publication are defrayed, the profits (if any there be) are appropriated by a fixed resolve to the charitable assistance of students of this College." The last number, dated Saturday, Aug. 6, 1814, contained a notice to subscribers, that, if sufficient encouragement was given, the Atheneum,—enlarged to double the original size,—would be conducted during the next year by a "committee chosen from the Senior Class." Inasmuch as this was the last number, it is fair to suppose that "sufficient encouragement" was not given.

The next publication of which we have any reliable account was "THE SITTING ROOM." We know no better way of giving its history, than to quote an extract or two from a letter which we have just received from the Rev. W. W. Andrews, of Wethersfield, Conn.

"I have enclosed your letter to the Rev. Dr. Daggett, of Canandaigua, N. Y., who was the proprietor and editor of the 'SITTING ROOM,' and has, I believe, a full copy of the numbers. I have not a scrap left, or you would be welcome to the reading of them.

"It must have been in the winter or spring of 1830 that it first saw the light. I was then a Junior in College, and Daggett was a resident graduate, and I believe, a student in the Law School. He planned the enterprise, and gave the paper its name, and was the responsible conductor. I assisted him, and wrote a good deal for it, but what, I can scarcely recollect, except some Essays on History.

"It first came out on a single quarto sheet of, I think, four pages; but it did not pay, and it was soon driven into the corner of a newspaper, where it lingered on a sickly existence for some weeks longer. It might have lasted three months, but I think it expired with the second term of my Junior year, or early in the third.

"Dr. D. can give you all needful information about this, and about the 'Gridiron,' which I remember to have seen, but can not recall who its editors were, or how long it lasted. * * * *

"I am sorry that I can not give you a more full account of this old bantling of mine, but I have not seen a number of it for twenty-five years, and have only some vague recollections."

(Of the "GRIDIRON" which has been mentioned, we have been able to learn but little. Not having heard from Dr. Daggett, we can not speak positively, but the

impression which we have received, is hardly favorable to its character or worth. It was a *quasi-satirical* literary production, of duodecimo form, containing some forty-eight pages, and extending through three or four numbers. It was regarded on the whole as an unfortunate publication, and ended its career somewhere about the year 1830 or 1831.)

The newspaper to which reference has been made in the letter which we have quoted, was the "NEW HAVEN PALLADIUM."

Through the courtesy of its editor, Jas. F. Babcock, Esq., we have been permitted to examine the files of the papers, which contained the several numbers of the "SITTING ROOM;" and from the editorial of May 1, 1830, we make the following extract:

"The Editor of this paper has made an arrangement with gentlemen connected with the University, who are somewhat used to handling the quill, to furnish six columns of original matter weekly, (during the collegiate terms,) for the Palladium; or in other words, the 'Sitting Room' instead of being published in a separate form, will hereafter (except in vacations) occupy, as it does this week, the whole of our fourth page.

"This arrangement, while it will furnish the Sitting Room subscribers with three times as much reading for the same price, will, we believe, render the Palladium more acceptable to its patrons. It will also enable us to circulate the favors of our advertising friends much more extensively than heretofore, especially in this city, where, by the union of the two papers, our subscription list will nearly double that of any other paper in New Haven."

Accordingly, on May 1, 1830, the publication first appeared on the fourth page of the Palladium, the following heading:

"THE SITTING ROOM,
BY WALTER PERCY & COMPANY.

Hearts of Gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you!—Shaks."

This was in reality the seventh No., the previous ones having been published by themselves; and succeeding ones continued to appear in the Palladium, until, on July 31, having completed its fourteenth number, it "shuffled off this mortal coil."

The next College periodical of any importance was

"THE STUDENT'S COMPANION."

This Magazine, which began in Jan., 1831, aside from its literary character, created not a little curiosity and interest in College, from the peculiar manner in which it was conducted.

Its Editors were the "Knights of the Round Table," but here all knowledge of its authorship ceased, and the general and natural inquiry was, who are "the Knights of the Round Table?" To increase the perplexity which its appearance created, the following notice was printed on the third page of the cover of No. I:

"To the Subscribers and Readers of the Student's Companion:—Whereas, much reasonable curiosity has been generally expressed with regard to the persons who have the charge of this periodical, information is hereby given, that the principal Editor of the Student's Companion is a member of the Senior Class of this College, and no person is engaged in it who is not a member of the University. We would

further give notice, that as we are determined to keep our real names a secret for the present, and as no man has a right to complain of this resolution, so long as we do not abuse that secrecy, any attempt to twist the secret from us will be met and resisted as unjustifiable and impudent impertinence. Therefore we give fair warning, that when the question is put to us, we shall not hesitate to say No; thus using the common privilege of authors' *incognito*, by giving a plain denial, if such an answer appear necessary, for the preservation of the secret of Editorship.

We are yours respectfully,

THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE."

One can readily imagine how much satisfaction this "*information*" must have afforded the five hundred whose guessings and inquiries were so constantly made. We suspect the real author must have been compelled more than once to give the "plain denial" to preserve the secrecy of his Editorship.

In the second number, the Knights, however, promised to reveal themselves when the September No. appeared; and, had we waited for that number, our knowledge of the "Knights" would be just about as satisfactory as of the identity of Junius, inasmuch as the Sept. No. *never appeared*.

The knightly names of the Editorial "K. R. T.," as they designated themselves, were

ARTHUR FITZELDYN,	The Narrator.
ROLAND HOPETON,	The Novelist.
LANCELOT GRAMMONT,	The Reflector.
JEFFREY MCGRAWLER BLACKWOOD,	The Critic.
FRANCIS VON HALLER,	The Philosopher.
THOMAS BLONDELL,	The Troubadour.
RAFAEL WERNER,	The Delineator.
HARRY TUDOR,	The Recorder.
SIR TRISTRAM TRAPP,	The Politician.

It is only necessary to state that each department was well sustained by its own proper knight,—we may almost say surprisingly well, when we have learned the facts in the case; and so considered, it is a magazine which any one of us might be proud to claim. It was continued through four numbers, of fifty pages each, and ended in May, 1831.

From the "notice" which we have quoted, it might be supposed that the Authorship remained a "family secret;" but it has come to light, since the graduation of his class, that this is the only one of Yale periodicals which was the production of a single writer. "The Knights of the Round Table," one and all, turned out to be modifications of the same person, now known as David Francis Bacon, M. D., of New York City, a brother the Rev. Dr. Bacon, of this city.

Another publication, known as "THE LITTLE GENTLEMAN," appeared at the same time, (Jan. 1, 1831,) though but little is known of its history. It seems, from what we can learn, to have been of a character somewhat personal, and not to have occupied the position of an elevated literary magazine. Who its Editors were, we do not know. It departed this life, April 29, 1831.

"THE MEDLEY."

We have come now to a date only three years previous to the commencement of the present "Yale Literary Magazine."

The first No. of "The Medley" was issued in March, 1833. It was anonymous both in respect to editors and contributors, and continued through three numbers, of fifty-six pages each. To insure the success of the Magazine, it was filled chiefly with articles upon popular subjects,—Tales, Reminiscences and Dialogues.

The first quarter closed in June, but that it was the intention of the Editors to continue it, is evident from the following extracts:

"We have been told, and the sage remark has been reiterated again, that there was not sufficient stability and firmness in young men of our age and station, to prosecute, with any hope of success, an enterprise like that in which we are engaged, and which, with your assistance, we have pledged ourselves to accomplish. To prove a charge so blasting to our hopes, and paralyzing to our exertions, we have been referred to the total failure of other publications similarly situated with the Medley, and whose prospects at commencement, were as fair, or even fairer, than our own. While we admit the plausibility of the conclusion, we deny its correctness. Never, within our knowledge, has a periodical, published in this Institution, received a fair trial. The patronage which was promised, has been withheld. At every step it has been met by a spirit of hostility and abuse equally malevolent and undeserved. It matters not from what foul source the stream originated,—the unfortunate periodicals, unable to stem the torrent, after a few struggles for existence, have sunk 'to rise no more,' beneath the oblivion of its waters. Whether this fate is reserved for the Medley, 'all-trying time alone can determine.' *But never, oh never, may the sorrowful task be assigned to us, of inscribing upon its tomb, the mournful epitaph,—'The Medley was, but is no more.'*"

Whether that "sorrowful task" was actually performed by them or not, we cannot determine; but in June, 1835, it might truly be said, in the foreboding language of its Editor,—*"The Medley was, but is no more."*

We have thus, in a brief and necessarily imperfect manner, given a rough outline of old College Magazines. Had there been more time for careful research, we might have given other and more minute particulars. But our object, in the main, has been, not to write the *whole history* of these Magazines, but to collect in convenient form for reference, such facts about the predecessors of the Lit, as would be interesting and important for those now in College to know. A brief notice of the Yale Lit, and we shall have done.

The account, in one of "Fifty-Nine's" numbers, of a visit paid by one of the "Five" that year, to the Rev. W. T. Bacon, the founder of the Lit, removes the occasion of any extended notice now from us.

The Magazine first appeared in February, 1836, under the direction of five men chosen as Editors from and by the Junior Class. They continued to conduct the Lit until they graduated. From that time the ability of College to support a literary magazine seems to have been established. The test of twenty-five years has sufficiently demonstrated the fact that the Yale Lit has become a permanent and honorable fixture of our College. One great mistake, however, made by all the Magazines which preceded the Lit, and which in fact the Lit itself only discovered in May,

1851, was this,—that there was no department provided for the record of daily College events. Mr. Daniel C. Gilman, the present Librarian of College, was the first to appreciate this want, and to institute what is now considered one of the most valuable and attractive features of the Magazine. To him belongs the honor of suggesting the *plan*, and to Professor Kingsley, of furnishing the *name* of "*MEMORABILIA YALENSIA*."

We publish below a complete list of the "noble army of martyrs" who have been one with us in the work, "whereunto we have been called." As we said in the beginning, our uninterested readers are respectfully recommended to skip it.

Class of 1837.

E. O. CARTER,	Worcester, Mass.
F. A. COE,	New Haven.
W. M. EVARTS,	Boston, Mass.
C. S. LYMAN,	Manchester.
W. S. SCARBOROUGH,	Brooklyn.

Class of '38.

E. J. LYNDE,	Homer, N. Y.
C. RICH,	Boston, Mass.
T. G. TALCOTT,	New York City.
J. P. THOMPSON,	Philadelphia, Pa.
J. B. VARNUM,	Washington, D. C.

Class of '39.

C. HAMMOND,	Union.
R. D. HUBBARD,	East Hartford.
H. R. JACKSON,	Athens, Ga.
J. P. LANGWORTHY,	North Stonington.
J. D. SHERWOOD,	Fishkill, N. Y.

Class of '40.

J. S. BABCOCK,	Coventry.
H. BOOTH,	Roxbury.
G. H. HOLLISTER,	Washington.
J. G. HOYT,	Danbarton, N. H.
G. RICHARDS,	New London.

Class of '41.

J. EMERSON,	Andover, Mass.
E. V. GAINES,	Memphis, Tenn.
D. G. MITCHEL,	Norwich.
G. B. SCHOTT,	Philadelphia, Pa.
T. C. YARNALL,	Philadelphia, Pa.

Class of '42.

E. L. BALDWIN,	New Haven.
W. P. GREADY,	Charleston, S. C.

A. MATHEWS,	Westchester Co., N. Y.
S. B. MULFORD,	Menton, Pa.
R. W. WRIGHT,	Montgomery, Ala.

Class of '43.

R. AIKMAN,	New York City.
D. W. HAVENS,	Norwich.
J. A. LENT,	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
F. MUNSON,	Bethlehem.
E. W. ROBERTS,	Berlin.

Class of '44.

I. ATWATER,	Homer, N. Y.
J. W. DULLES,	Philadelphia, Pa.
O. S. FERRY,	Bethel
W. SMITH,	Manlius, N. Y.
J. WHITE,	Randolf, Mass.

Class of '45.

W. BINNEY,	Philadelphia, Pa.
G. B. DAY,	Colchester.
J. W. HARDING,	East Medway, Mass.
G. C. HILL,	Norwich.
T. KENNEDY,	Baltimore, Md.

Class of '46.

J. H. BRISBIN,	Schuylersville, N. Y.
W. B. CAPRON,	Uxbridge, Mass.
H. B. HARRISON,	New Haven.
D. HAWLEY,	Arlington, Vt.
W. R. NEVINS,	New York City.

Class of '47.

B. G. BROWN,	Frankfort, Ky.
W. S. MCKEE,	St. Louis, Mo.
J. MUNN,	Monson, Mass.
D. T. NOYES,	Boston, Mass.

Class of '48.

F. R. ABBE,	Boston, Mass.
W. AITCHISON,	Saxonville.
T. H. PORTER,	Waterbury.
G. B. WILCOX,	Norwich.
B. D. YOUNG,	Huntsville, Ala.

Class of '49.

O. G. CAME,	Buxton, Me.
J. CAMPBELL,	Mobile, Ala.
F. M. FINCH,	Ithaca, N. Y.

E. D. MORRIS,	Utica, N. Y.
C. B. WARRING,	New Haven.

Class of '50.

E. W. BENTLEY,	Harwinton.
W. R. BLISS,	Boston, Mass.
W. S. COLTON,	Lockport, N. Y.
E. H. ROBERTS,	Utica, N. Y.
O. L. WOODFORD,	West Avon.

Class of '51.

A. H. CARRIER,	Bridgeport.
H. W. EVANS,	Le Raysville, Pa.
B. F. MARTIN,	Lancaster Co., Pa.
S. MCCALL,	Lebanon.
J. W. NOBLE,	Cincinnati, Ohio.

Class of '52.

A. BIGELOW,	Buffale, N. Y.
C. M. BLISS,	Hartford.
W. W. CRAPO,	New Bedford, Mass.
D. C. GILMAN,	New York City.
H. B. SPEAGUE,	East Douglass, Mass.

Class of '53.

A. GROUT,	Sherburne, Mass.
G. A. JOHNSON,	Salisbury, Md.
C. T. LEWIS,	West Chester, Pa.
B. K. PHELPS,	Groton, Mass.
A. D. WHITE,	Syracuse, N. Y.

Class of '54.

W. C. FLAGG,	Paddock's Grove, Ill.
J. W. HOOKER,	New Haven.
W. S. MAPLES,	Selma, Ala.
L. S. POTWIN,	East Windsor.
C. T. PURNELL,	Port Gibson, Miss.

Class of '55.

W. H. L. BARNES,	Springfield, Mass.
E. MULFORD,	Montrose, Pa.
W. T. WILSON,	Brooklyn, N. Y.
S. T. WOODWARD,	Wyoming Valley, N. Y.
H. A. YARDLEY,	Philadelphia, Pa.

Class of '56.

G. F. BAILEY,	North Salem, N. Y.
J. M. BROWN,	Frankfort, Ky.
W. H. W. CAMPBELL,	West Newton, Mass.

H. DuBOIS,	Fishkill, N. Y.
L. C. FISCHER,	Baltimore, Md.

Class of '57.

F. E. BUTLER,	New York City.
J. M. HOLMES,	Chicago, Ill.
H. S. HUNTINGTON,	Cleveland, O.
N. C. PERKINS,	Pomfret, Vt.
G. PRATT,	East Weymouth, Mass.

Class of '58.

E. F. BLAKE,	New Haven.
D. C. BRINTON,	West Chester, Pa.
C. S. KELLOGG,	Bridgewater, N- Y.
J. E. KIMBALL,	Oxford, Mass.
S. H. LEE,	Lisbon, Conn.

Class of '59.

S. D. FAULKNER,	Dansville, F. Y.
G. W. FISHER,	North White Creek, N. Y.
B. N. HARRISON,	New Orleans, La.
T. R. LOUNSBURY,	Ovid, N. Y.
A. H. WILCOX,	Norwich.

Class of '60.

R. S. DAVIS,	Philadelphia, Pa.
WM. FOWLER,	Utica, N. Y.
E. G. HOLDEN,	Cincinnati, O.
W. C. JOHNSTON,	Smyrna, Turkey.
C. H. OWEN,	Hartford.

BERKELEY SCHOLARSHIPS.

The successful competitors for this prize were,
 William Henry Hale, *Albany, N. Y.*, and
 Othniel Charles Marsh, *Lockport, N. Y.*

JUNIOR EXHIBITION.

THE Junior Exhibition of the Class of '61 passed off with the usual eclat on the afternoon and evening of the 3d of April. Dodsworth's Band furnished the music for the occasion.

The following is the "Order of Exercises:"

AFTERNOON.

1. Music.
2. Latin Oration, "De Catonis Uticensis morte," by Tracy Peck, *Bristol, Ct.*
3. Oration, "The Discipline of suffering," by Henry Rees Durfee, *Palmyra, N. Y.*
4. Dissertation, "Daniel Webster and Secession," by John Barnard Pearse, *Philadelphia, Pa.*

5. Music.
6. Oration, "The Simplicity of True Heroism," by Joseph Lucien Shipley, *Londonderry, N. H.*
7. Oration, "Cardinal Ximenes," by Edward Philips Payson, *Fayetteville N. Y.*
8. Oration, "Astrology," by Hubbard Arnold, *Westfield, Mass.*
9. Music.
10. Oration, "Radicalism," by Gilbert Miles Stocking, *Waterbury.*
11. Dissertation, "Milton's Abdiel," by P. Webster Park, *Preston.*
12. Oration, "Life in Earnest," by George Clapp Perkins, *Hartford.*
13. Music.
14. Oration, "Westminster Abbey," by James Nevins Hyde, *Cincinnati, O.*
15. Dissertation, "The Moral Power of Sympathy," by Oliver McClintock, *Pittsburgh, Pa.*
16. Oration, "The Character of the Duke of Marlborough," by George Bernard Bonney, *Rochester, Mass.*
17. Music.
18. Oration, "The Philosophy of Beauty," by Nathaniel Schuyler Moore, *New Haven.*
19. Oration, "Galileo and the Inquisition," by John Dresser Tucker, *Hartford.*
20. Dissertation, "The Solitary Man," by Peter Collier, *Chittenango, N. Y.*
21. Music.
22. Dissertation, "The Faith of Reformers," by Alfred Hemenway, *Hopkinton, Mass.*
23. Philosophical Oration, "The Progress of Liberty in America," by Simeon Eben Baldwin, *New Haven.*
24. Music.

EVENING.

1. Music.
2. Dissertation, "The Culture of the mind as an End in itself," by Theodore Stephen Wynkoop, *Wilmington, Del.*
3. Oration, "The Settlers of St Mary's," by John Mitchell, *Port Tobacco, Md.*
4. Oration, "Tennyson's Princess," by William Cook, *New York City.*
5. Music.
6. Dissertation, "Unnoticed Eras," by John Alfred Davenport, *Annapolis, Md.*
7. Dissertation, "The Spirit of early Ballad Poetry," by Robert Hughes Fitzhugh, *Onwego, N. Y.*
8. Dissertation, "Spenser—the Allegory of Lady Irena," by Clarence Eddy, *Waterford, N. Y.*
9. Music.
10. Dissertation, "Prince Metternich, or European Diplomacy," by Winthrop Dudley Sheldon, *New Haven.*
11. Oration, "The Anglo-Saxons," by Harvey Sheldon Kitchell, *Detroit, Mich.*
12. Dissertation, "The Fall of the Girondists—the Fate of Conservatism," by Samuel Arthur Bent, *New Ipswich N. H.*
13. Music.
14. Dissertation, "Gustavus Adolphus," by Hubert Sanford Brown, *New Hartford.*

15. Dissertation, "The Progress of British Liberty," by George Makepeace Towle, *Washington, D. C.*
16. Oration, "Margaret of Anjou," by Franklin Bowditch Dexter, *Fairhaven, Mass.*
17. Music:
18. Oration, "The Idyls of the King—Guinevere," by Francis Edward Kernochan, *New York City.*
19. Oration, "Oliver Cromwell," by Anthony Higgins, *St. George's, Del.*
20. Philosophical Oration, "The Value of Fiction," by James Lanman Harmar, *Philadelphia, Pa.*
21. Music.

PRIZE DEBATES.

During the past year, with the consent of Mr. Bishop, the Linonian Society divided the Bishop Prize Debate Fund between the Sophomore and Freshman classes, so that the old plan of debating the same question by both classes in common was abolished, and each class allowed to choose its own question and the time for holding the debate. Of course, this plan secures more prizes for distribution, and more successful competitors. In accordance with this new arrangement, the Bishop Prize Debate, in the Freshman Class, was held Wednesday, May 16, 1869.

Committee of Award, Wilder A. Smith, M. A., S. W. S. Dutton, D. D., and Benjamin Silliman, Jr., M. D.

Question: "Ought a Representative in a Republican Government to be bound by the will of his constituents?"

SPEAKERS:—AFTERNOON.

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|--|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Uriah H. Parmelee, <i>Guilford.</i> 2. Thomas A. Emerson, <i>S. Reading, Ms.</i> 3. Selah Merrill, <i>Westfield, Mass.</i> 4. Henry C. Ewin, <i>Nashville, Tenn.</i> | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 5. J. Berry, <i>Clarence N. Y.</i> 6. G. Walter Allen, <i>Worcester, Mass.</i> 7. Fred. J. Barnard, <i>Worcester, Mass.</i> 8. James S. Millard, <i>Muscatine, Iowa.</i> |
|--|---|

EVENING.

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| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 8. George S. Hamlin, <i>Sharon.</i> 10. L. T. Chamberlain, <i>W. Brookfield, Ms.</i> 11. Charles J. Arms, <i>Norwich.</i> 12. Henry E. Cooley, <i>Newton, Mass.</i> | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 13. William C. Whitney, <i>Springfield Ms.</i> 14. Eleazer K. Foster, <i>New Haven.</i> 15. Thornton M. Hinkle, <i>Cincinnati, O.</i> |
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The following prizes were awarded :

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|----------------|---------------------------------------|
| First Prize to | Leander F. Chamberlain. |
| Second " " | G. Walter Allen. |
| Third " " | George S. Hamlin, William C. Whitney. |

BROTHERS IN UNITY.

Prize Debate in the Freshman Class, Thursday evening, May 17, 1869.

Question:—"Ought the United States to interfere actively in behalf of nations struggling for Liberty."

Committee of Award:—Prof. George P. Fisher, William Hutchinson, M. A., Levi L. Paine, M. A.

DISPUTANTS:

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Horace Bumstead, <i>Boston Mass.</i> | 6 George I. Williams, <i>Newburyport, Ms.</i> |
| 2. Charles Webster, <i>Norridgewock, Me.</i> | 7. Cyrus W. Francis, <i>Newington.</i> |
| 3. Henry M. Whitney, <i>Northampton, Ms.</i> | 8. Roswell Parish, <i>Hartford.</i> |
| 4. Henry W. Scott, <i>Southbury.</i> | 9. Wm. G. Sumner, <i>Hartford.</i> |
| 5. T. K. Boltwood, <i>Amherst Mass.</i> | 10. Charles H. Wesson, <i>Hartford.</i> |

At the conclusion of the debate, the following prizes were awarded by the committee.

First Prize to

Wm. G. Sumner.

Second " "

Cyrus W. Francis.

Third " "

Charles Webster, Henry M. Whitney.

BEETHOVEN.

The Beethoven Society gave their annual concert on Monday evening, May 14th, with more than their annual success. It was an especial favor that the Philharmonic Orchestra consented to come from New York to take part, and they fully sustained their reputation in executing the magnificent music of "The Desert." The bassoon solo was deservedly encored, though it was rather an exhibition of labial and manual dexterity, than real legitimate music; the instrument was vastly more effective in some of the choral passages. After all, the vocal parts were to our taste the more enjoyable; and we are not sure but it would be better to return to the original style of Beethoven concerts, and do away with orchestras altogether. To be sure, no such pieces as the *DESERT* could be executed, but there is plenty of music of simpler construction, which would please us all the better for the absence of such French affectations, as violin "sunrises," and so on. Surely there is a richness and depth about men's voices which cannot be improved by "sounding brass or tinkling fiddles." That quartette for example, had the parts been sustained with a little more confidence and self-reliance, would have far excelled any instrumental piece—the human voices blending into one another as no wood or metal can be brought to do. It was a beautiful thing, as it was, and the meagre applause it received in comparison with the bassoon business, was rather to the discredit of the audience's taste than the singer's power. The audience, we were glad to see, was better than usual, yet the College was too thinly represented. Verily it is true again for the thousandth time that "a prophet," or any other good thing "is not without honor save in his own house." Why Students will turn out in crowds to wandering "troupes," and yet cheat themselves of an evening's enjoyment by neglecting Beethoven, is inscrutable. The mere fact that it is a Yale institution ought to appeal to their patriotism, but here the appeal is to their musical taste in addition. College singers are not often professional musicians, it is true, but what they lack in mechanical precision is tenfold made up by their whole-souled heartiness. Traveling concert-givers always go through their evening's programme like machines—made to *do* just so much in a given time, while we in College are literally *amateurs*—singers for the *love* of it, and the difference shows mightily in the singing.

It seems to be a prevailing idea that Beethoven is merely another name for the Chapel choir, but only a small portion of the society ever take part at any one time in the choir; and in regard to such as do, it must be remembered that carelessly rattling off a hymn between breakfast and recitation, is quite different from offering to an audience an evening of real music, well-selected and carefully practised. It is to be hoped that both Faculty and Students will hereafter take the hint, and attend these Beethoven concerts as they deserve to be attended.

RACE.

The first race of the season for the Champion Flag of College came off on Saturday afternoon, 26 of May. The Atlanta which held the flag, was challenged at the beginning of the present term by the following boats. The Nereid, (61,) The Thulia, (62,) and The Volante, (Scientific Department). The champion boat, according to the rules, has a right to appoint any day within four weeks after the challenge. The day appointed by the Atlanta was the 26th of May. During the morning and a part of the afternoon it had rained so hard that many feared the race would be postponed in consequence. About 3 o'clock it cleared off, however, when a strong breeze arose, and the harbor soon became so rough that it was thought impossible for the shells to race without danger of being swamped. Before 5 o'clock, however, the water became comparatively smooth, and soon the spectators in front of the Pavillion had the satisfaction of seeing the boats shoot round the steamboat landing into sight, and pull gracefully up to the Commodore's boat. The expectations of College had been raised to a considerable extent, for everything promised a beautiful and exciting race. The boats were the fastest in College and manned by splendid crews. The Nereid and the Thulia were so near alike that they could only be distinguished by the different uniforms of the crew. At 5 o'clock the boats drew for places and fell into line in the following order, 1st, (nearest the Commodore's boat,) Volante, 2nd, Thulia, 3rd, Nereid, 4th, Atlanta. The wind was blowing from the Atlanta toward the Commodore's boat, and when the word was given — "*Ready, Give way,*" the first three boats shot ahead, but it was immediately seen that the Atlanta had remained behind. The crew instantly rowed up to the Commodore and declared that they had not heard the order. It was now, however, too late to stop the other boats, and away they flew toward the buoy. The Thulia got the best start and seemed to lead, followed closely by the Nereid. At the stake boat the Thulia turned first; next and close behind, the Nereid; the Volante last. The race in, was a splendid exhibition of strength and skill. At length the Thulia shot by the Commodore's boat, leading the Nereid by thirty seconds, and winning the race. Whole distance 2,8.10 miles. Time, Thulia 20,15, Nereid 20,45, Volante 22,45. The splendid manner in which the Thulia men pulled their boat, both in going out and in the last part of the race, was admired by those even who would like to have seen their favorite win. Inasmuch as the Atlanta did not hear the Commodore's orders, it was very properly decided that she should still hold the flag; and she accordingly named Wednesday, May 30th, as the day for a second race. Considerable disappointment was felt that they had not been able to get a

start, and pull in the race. On the whole it was considered a splendid affair, though the time would have been lessened had not the boats been a third filled with water from the roughness of the waves.

The Thulia crew wishing to try their skill this summer against the Sophomores at Harvard, have sent them the following challenge.

YALE COLLEGE, MAY 5, 1860.

I have been authorized by the members of the Thulia boat-club, of the Sophomore Class of Yale College, to challenge any crew selected from the Sophomore Class at Harvard, to a rowing match, at the same time and under the same regulations as shall be agreed upon for the Union Regatta of the coming summer.

GROSVENOR STARR, Capt. Thulia, B. C.

To the Sophomore Class of HARVARD COLLEGE.

To this challenge there was given the following reply.

CAMBRIDGE, MAY 11, 1860.

MR. GROSVENOR STARR: Dear Sir.—I have received from Mr. Crowningshield, your challenge in behalf of the Thulia Club of Yale College, to row against any crew selected from the Sophomore Class of Harvard College.

I have been authorized by the officers of the boat clubs of the Sophomore Class, to accept your challenge, provided that both crews pull in *ordinary lap streak boats*. I have the honor to remain your obedient servant,

HENRY ROPES, President of Haidee Boat Club.

The Freshman Class unwilling to be outdone by the Sophs., have sent the following challenge to the Freshman Class of Harvard.

We the undersigned, in behalf of the Class of '63 of Yale, do hereby challenge the Class of '63 of Harvard, to a three mile race over the same course and on the same day at the "College Union Regatta." The race to be for the championship of the two Classes, and for \$50 a side; \$20 of which is to be appropriated for the purchase of a champion flag.

Yours respectfully,

THEODORE C. BACON,
GEORGE S. DEWEY,
O. H. PAYNE.

ACCEPTANCE.

We the undersigned, in behalf of the Class of '63 of Harvard, do hereby accept the challenge of the Class of '63 of Yale, to row a three mile race over the same course, and on the same day as the "College Union Regatta." The race to be for the championship of the two Classes, and for twenty dollars, to be appropriated for the purchase of a champion flag.

C. F. FEARING,
E. B. BOIT, Jr.,
J. GREENOUGH, Jr.

HARVARD, '63. May 14, 1860.

The Junior Class of Yale also sent a challenge to the Junior Class of Harvard, to pull a race at the same place and time, which was declined.

The Freshmen of Harvard, wishing to keep up the reputation of the Institution, have sent to the Freshmen of Yale, the following

CHALLENGE.

I, the undersigned, in behalf of Mr. Wm. Frothingham and Wm. Stackpole, of the Class of '63, of Harvard, do hereby challenge any two members of the Class of '63, of Yale, to play a five hundred points carom, or an eight hundred points full game of billiards. The match to come off on the evening of the day on which the "College Union Regatta" takes place.

C. F. FEARING.

Harvard, '63, May 20, '60.

The challenge has been accepted, with the change of one thousand points on the full game, instead of eight hundred.

It will thus be seen, that everything seems to combine to make the College Union Regatta, next summer, an interesting and brilliant affair. Columbia, who has never before taken much interest in boating, will be represented at Worcester, with her crack boat and crew. Brown University, who took part last year, has since ordered a splendid new shell boat, and has, as we understand, a *very* fine crew to man her. She will be heard of to her credit next July. Harvard has procured a new shell of McKay, and Yale has ordered one of the same builder, which, however, will not be finished until the middle of July. She will be forty-eight feet long, twenty-two inches wide, six inches deep, and weigh about one hundred and fifty pounds. She will of course be called "THE YALE," and will, probably, be pulled by the following crew.

Stroke,—Commodore H. L. Johnson,

C. T. Stanton,

W: E. Bradley,

Coxswain—H. E. Eno.

H. W. Camp,

E. L. Richards,

Brayton Ives,

We conclude our lengthy Memorabilia of the present No. of the Lit, for the benefit of those interested in such matters, with a catalogue of the HARVARD NAVY, which we hope contains fewer mistakes than occurred in the list of Yale boats taken from the same paper.

HARVARD COLLEGE NAVY.

	Length.	Oars.	Build.
Harvard, (shell,)	40 ft.	6	1857.
Harvard, "	45	6	1859.
Harvard, "	47	6	1860.
The above boats are under the care and management of that member of the Senior Class who has belonged to the Harvard boat crew the longest time.			
Lotus, (lap,)	45	6	1857.
Class of '59,—out of service, its owners having graduated.			
Camilla,	42	6	1857.
Class of '60,—17 members.			
Juniata,	45	6	1859.
Class of '61,—21 members.			
Oneida,	46	8	1856.
Class of '61,—23 members.			
Haidee,	45	6	1860.

	Length.	Oars.	Build.
Class of '62,—28 members.			
Ottawa,	47	6	1858.
Class of '62,—20 members.			
Enid,	32	4	1858.
Class of '62,—15 members.			
Bonetta,	41	6	1857.
Class of '63,—14 members.			
Orion,	35	6	1856.
Sabina,	50	8	1857.
Iris,	40	6	1856.
Avon,	41	6	1855.
Eunomia,	30	4	1859.

† A new boat is being built at St. Johns, N. B., by Coyle, for the Freshman Class.

There are, besides the above, some twenty-six wherries and double sculls, owned and rowed by the students of this University.

In another copy of the Boston Evening Gazette, we noticed the following:—"On Monday last, (Apr. 16,) the new six-oar Haidee was launched, her crew rowing her from Reed's boathouse to the Colleges, and gave incontestible evidence that great speed can be accomplished in her. It is said she weighs but 180 lbs, which, if true, is very remarkably light for a lapstreak of 46 feet." We presume that this boat is the Haidee of the Class of Sixty-One.

Editor's Table.

We take off our bran new Editorial hat, and make our profoundest bow to our readers. The style men of the Class say we ought not to have patronized Leary; that he isn't it up "to time," but that an Amidon is just the thing for the Board. Of course we acknowledge the imperfections of our own taste, and as gracefully as possible bow again to our interested critics. We may hold our capital adornment a little awkwardly at first, but we plead inexperience in excuse. It being with us not so much an individual as a company enterprise, we are determined to refer all little difficulties arising therefrom to our silent partners in the investment, for be it whispered, it is the only specimen of the kind possessed by any of the Five. It is then a representative hat. Board appreciative of its own dignity,—Board liberal in pocket,—Board confiding,—Subscriber negotiating agent,—Subscriber economical in spending Board's money,—buys smallest hat,—no measure,—innocently took his own head at a venture,—makes an admirable fit, and returns in triumph to his friends. All of them disappointed,—couldn't begin to get the hat on,—couldn't understand our economy,—big hat cost no more than a little hat,—might have got a big one then,—(*interested,—heads large.*) One wanted, however, to split the differ-

ence,—(*interested,—head medium*), while the sanguinary Editor dismissed the subject by intimating that they had *all* been made the victims of misplaced confidence.

"If we're traduced by tongues which neither know
Our faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chroniclers of our doing,—let us say
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That *virtue* must pass through."!!!!

By the by, while we are on this subject, are not the Freshmen rushing the season in the hat line? We understand that not long ago, a deputation of '63 almost bought out Collins in anticipation of their Sophomoric transformation. The custom of the last two classes has been, on Presentation day, to procure all the dilapidated tiles, of every color, size and shape, in town, and "got up" with elevated side boards and immaculate *pocket handkerchief*-cravats, doubtful kids, and all sorts of canes, to march in long procession, from the foot of College street up to the Chapel steps,—right through horrified and opposing tutors,—up the aisles, two by two, into their Sophomore seats. We said the last two classes. We remember now that '62 carried out the first part of the programme, but for some wise reason, the Faculty had, for that day, dispensed, with the customary evening prayers, and the class therefore did not, "arrayed in all their glory," take their Sophomore seats. If we remember rightly in regard to the other class, (and our memory is very treacherous in regard to such things,) there was some whispered intimation that quite a number of the most attractive of the Sophs. intended to make very unexpected, though of course very pleasant, calls upon the Faculty next morning. It was farther intimated that the Faculty, just to carry out the joke, gave some of their honored visitors sundry playful "admonitions" and a few friendly "warnings" not to carry their little amusements quite so far next time. Considerable disappointment was occasioned by the apparent partiality of the Faculty in not serving all alike, and in serving some who quite preferred not to be served at all. Indeed, it seemed as if the names of the whole Class had been thrown into a hat, hustled together, and a dozen drawn at random as scapegoats for all the rest. The following conversation, which occurred between one of the tutors and an innocent accused, would seem to warrant the conclusion:

"I would like to see Mr. J—— after recitation. That's sufficient," and with a very profound bow the Tutor dismisses the Division. J—— can't imagine what's up now, but concludes to wait for further developments.

Tutor, (squaring himself.) "Mr. J——, I regret to state that I have been instructed by the Faculty to inform you, that you have received a warning for participating in the demonstration at the Chapel last evening. You were present, I believe."

J——, (with a quizzical smile as a light dawns upon him.) "Yes, sir."

T. "Well,—I,—I,—thought myself that it was a pretty good joke, as you were marching up the street, and laughed perhaps as heartily as anybody, but when you went into Chapel with those hats on"—

J——. "Excuse me, sir, but did you mean to say that I had received a warning from the Faculty, for going "into Chapel with one of those hats on?"

T. "Yes,—yes,—certainly, for having one of those hats on, and"—

J——. "I beg your pardon, but I did not have one of those hats on."

T., (a little surprised.) "You did not?"

J——. "No, sir, I did not."

T. "Ah,—well,—then it was for wearing an *enormous* white cravat,—same thing,—same thing,"

J——. "For wearing a white cravat?"

T., (who thought he had him.) "Yes, that was it,—for wearing a white cravat. I may say an enormous white cravat."

J——, (who thought he would let him work.) "Quite a mistake, I assure you. *I did not wear a white cravat.*"

T., (taken down a peg.) "Not wear a white cravat?"

J——. "No, sir. I wore no white cravat."

T., (immediately recovers, and a little riled, returns to the charge.) "Then, sir, I regret to inform you, that you have received a warning, sir, from the Faculty, for appearing at Chapel, sir, with a very conspicuous standing collar. *A very conspicuous standing collar.*"

J——, (quietly.) "Another slight misapprehension. I wore that evening a *turn down* collar."

T., (a little confused in his ideas, but don't like to give it up.) "A turn down collar! Well,—this,—really,—quite an extraordinary case. Yes, it's altogether probable,—you,—you must, sir, have been out of the way in your dress. Somehow *out of the way.*"

J——, (not a little amused at his floundering.) "Not near so much, sir, as you are in your conjectures. I wore then the same dress I have on now:"

Tutor mistified,—we may say confounded. Must be a mistake somewhere,—refer the matter to the Faculty. Glad, however, that he wasn't *out of the way*. Thought the warning would *perhaps* be removed. Everything satisfactory,—and he wished him a very good morning.

The following entry was immediately made in the diary of the acquitted:

YALE COLLEGE, PRESENTATION DAY, 1859.

SCARCITY OF BEAVERS.

CR.

By one *Warning Escaped*.

(Account still open.)

The abolition of evening prayers has now removed the occasion of a similar episode in College life, and '63 will have an opportunity of exercising their originality, if they choose, in something else. The handsome manner in which they have subscribed to the Lit, ought to secure from us, at least, the expression of our good wishes. And here we might as well say to the sensible men of all classes a word or two about subscriptions generally. Did you ever, reader, or rather, don't you always, during vacation,—unless you are of that unfortunate class doomed to remain here and mope about College, and listen to the echoes of your own footsteps, as, in the dusky twilight, you walk up and down the College yard, now so still and desolate, and look up towards the darkened windows, and think what cozy, jolly times you had in those very rooms, not a week ago; and how you would just like to rap

on the same door now, hear the hearty "come in," and, with your pipe, sit down by the roaring fire, or the open window, and watch the blue smoke rolling and curling up about your head in fragrant clouds, but wake from your reverie only to find yourself a solitary sentinel gazing at the grim old College buildings, while all the fellows away,—I say, unless you belong to this class, don't you always, during vacation, as you read in some old paper a paragraph about College, feel somehow a quicker beating of the heart, as even this slight record brings back to mind the associations and the hopes that cluster around your College days? Now it is just so, but with a ten-fold intensity, with the *Lit*. Its claims are not solely upon you while in College. Indeed, in point of College news it is of course, in many respects, no better than our daily papers. But here is the point. It is not only a *record*, but a *repository* of College events. Rightly understood, it partakes of the character of a private journal, the more interesting and more valuable the older it becomes. Now, is there a single student among us, but would prize, next to his class book, anything more than a handsome volume of the *Lit*, which, exclusive of its literary contributions, would contain a complete record of all the events with which he was himself connected while in College?

The Commencements, Presentation Days, Junior Exhibitions, Wooden Spoon, Prize Debates, Boat Races, and a hundred things interwoven with the daily history of College, possess in themselves something far beyond their *present* value. Years and years hence, when some of us shall have grown a *little grey about the temples*, should we meet with an old *Lit*, published when we were in College, containing an account of the grand old rushes down the Atheneum stairs,—of the mysterious and terrible ordeal of Freshman Initiation,—of the fantastic splendor of Burial of Euclid Processions,—of our races in the harbor for the champion flag of Yale, or of that still grander contest, where the best men and the best boats of American Colleges together contend for the champion flag of all,—where we grew wild with excitement and hoarse with cheers for "*The Yale*,"—don't you think we would lay aside the magazine, and, with closed eyes, think long and tenderly of our College days?

"And then as in Memory's bark we would glide,
To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew,
Though oft we should see, looking down on the tide,
The wreck of full many a hope shining through,
Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers,
That once made a garden of all the green shore,
Deceived for a moment, we'd think them still ours,
And breathe the fresh air of life's morning once more."

Of course, then, my dear reader, whatever else you may think, two things are certain. One is, your College course will not be complete without the *Lit*, and the other is, that you ought to feel under no slight obligations to do what you can to make it instructive and entertaining to the rest. Its success, more than you may suppose, rests with you. Five of us cannot and of a right ought not to conduct it alone. Our duties, in fact, ought to extend mainly to the examination and selection of your manuscripts for publication.

The Seniors are reveling in the blissful realities of their last Biennial. A few weeks more and they step out of College, another Class succeeds, treads the same weary course—and in turn gives place to the next—and so the College world moves on. Well, it seems but a little while ago since they were occupying Sophomore seats, and since we had our Chapel rushes. The last Chapel rush probably in old Yale occurred between '60 and '61, and then its varied history closed. Not the least reform of the new change in Chapel exercises is the prevention of those contests of valorous might in which tutorial muscle sometimes *yanked* the Freshman straight, who escaped terrible vengeance next day, by a treacherous memory on the one hand, and "a confusion of tongues" on the other. Babel wasn't a circumstance.

There is one thing now which calls for more than a passing notice. Precedent has established it, and at this particular time, at all events, we are hugely *in favor of precedent*. Who instituted the custom, tradition does not tell. Sufficient for us to know that it exists. We look *back* upon it with conflicting emotions, we look *forward* to it with the most pleasant *anticipations*. Be it known then—and we "say it not in a boastful spirit"—that it was the pleasure of the present Board, to give the retiring Editors one of Eli's most palatable suppers.

Has anybody a pretty considerable appetite for Green Turtle; for Black Bass baked, Claret Sauce; Striped Bass, Maderia Sauce; Salmon boiled, Lobster Sauce; for Brook Trout baked, Brook Trout boiled, Brook Trout fried in butter? Does he plead guilty to an uncontrollable desire for Lamb, Mint Sauce; for Turkey, Gibleet Sauce; Chicken, Oyster Sauce? Will he insist upon Fricadeau de Veau pique au Petit Pois, Gateau de Riz, a la Fleur d'Orange; Anguilles, grille, a la Tartar——? Will he descend to Green Corn, Green Peas, Asparagus and Mashed Potatoes? Will he pamper his taste by such commodities as Cabinet Pudding, Wine Sauce; Charlotte Russe; Swiss Merrenques; Strawberry Tarteletts; Fruit Jelly and Pumpkin Pie? Will he add thereto Almonds, Figs, Oranges, Pine Apples, Raisins, and a Pyramid of Vanilla Ice Cream? Will he so far forget the pledge as to indulge in Heidsick-Piper, Royal Rose, Cliquot, Green Seal or Gold Lac? If so, my dear reader, let him edit the Lit, get his supper at Eli's, and by all means, *be a member of the Retiring Board*.

By the by, next forenoon we found in the Lit box, a rather remarkable production—evidently written in a confused state of mind—which we finally deciphered to be

A POEM—TO A TROUT.

First Verse.

O pretty trout, that once with wily fins
Chased up and down the little brabbling Blook
Now don't you think that you were taken in
When you took in the Hook?

Second Verse.

Oh handsome Trout all freckled up so nice,
You couldn't swim now if you tried,
Though you could swim pretty well I think once
•Before you were fried.

We copy from the last Editor's Table the following remarks on boating, which, as Yale is emphatically a boating Institution, will doubtless be interesting to many of the craft among us.

"While we are on the subject of exercise, we remark with no great pleasure, that there is one peculiarly College sport, viz: boating, in which Princeton has no share. She must, it is true, overcome obstacles before boasting of a "navy." But we feel confident that they are not so formidable in reality as appearance. If Bristed's description of English University life is to be relied upon, the inference is a safe one that Cambridge, whose rowers are the champions of England, has, in her diminutive Cam., a far less available stream than our Delaware and Raritan canal." * * * "For our own sake we confess with regret that it is too late for the Class of '60 to undertake the matter. They have let the opportunity go by. But for the sake of College, we hope that it will not suffer delay, and recommend the men of '61 to take it up with Class spirit and enterprise. May prosperity crown their efforts and those of their successors."

We can only say that we most cordially unite in recommending the Class of '61 to carry out the suggestion, and to start at once the Princeton Navy. If anything like the energy and pride of '61 at Yale, be shared by our friends at Princeton, this year with them will witness the inauguration of a new system of manly exercise and exciting sport in College. McKay is the man for your boats and your money.

The North Carolina University Magazine is the largest of our exchanges and contains in the April number among other articles one on "Wine for Mathematicians." To prevent misapprehension of the subject, we clip the following: "Superior to the logic of the schools the mathematical sciences never show their power by giving to error the semblance of truth; they do not attempt to substitute specious and dazzling rhetorical figures for the stern syllogism of eternal truth, or to lull the judgment by a flow of select and high-sounding words, and still less to captivate our suffrages by eloquence; but their language, however unadorned, always carries with it the most complete conviction, and scepticism vanishes before it." Chevalier D'Estimaville, (Scientific Journal). *Our idea exactly.*

The Erskine Collegiate Recorder, The Wabash Monthly, The K. M. I. Magazine, and the Kenyon Collegian are at hand. To the Editors of the latter we would respectfully say that "Old Yale" is not "inclined to take advantage of her venerable and respected station among American Colleges to look down contemptuously upon Western Institutions," and above all that the Lit. Editors have no "boasts" to make about their own Magazine, but prefer to let it speak for itself.

The Fly Leaf, a Quarterly published by the Young Ladies of College Temple, has a severe but not ill-natured article entitled "K. M. I., versus Yale." It has some first rate points which we would like to publish if space would permit. We acknowledge the fairness of the position, that "if the Yale Lit. takes the privilege of establishing 'Our Country,' as a standard of Southern Authorship, we claim a similar right of showing that the North is quite as ably represented in the 'Deacon's Confession' published in the very same number of the Lit., in which the able critique on the K. M. I. Article appears."

In justice to ourselves it is only necessary for us to say that the "Deacon's Confession" appeared at a time when we were not connected with the Yale Literary Magazine, and to add furthermore, that if it again should contain anything akin to

the said production, we most earnestly hope that "Mirabel" will be alive to review it.

The Undergraduate has made its appearance again with a new title. "The University Quarterly" is the somewhat high-sounding but more appropriate name which it now bears. We presume it is a successful number. Among other Articles we noticed one entitled *College Fallacies*; and would simply add that a much better one on the same subject can be found in Vol. XIV, No. 7, of the Yale Lit.

The Article offered by "Bard" has many good points, but needs condensation and fewer puns. If agreeable, we would be happy to have him call at the sanctum, otherwise we will direct as desired.

We regret that we are unable in the present number to give the result of the Society elections, which will take place probably in about two hours and a half from the time we are now writing.

To our contributors we wish to return our acknowledgments. "Appointments" will appear in another volume.

No more are we able to give even the most meagre description of the race for the Champion Flag of College, which comes off this, Wednesday, afternoon within a still less time,—nay, we cannot so much as offer the victor *our* congratulations. Printers are inexorable—with hearts of adamant, so that no supplication can move them, with uncorruptible integrity, so that no money can buy them, what can we do then but let them have their own way, and submit with as much grace as possible.

Unfortunately for us the Yale Lit. hasn't as yet reached the realization of that magnificent dream which floated through the head of one of our forerunners, in which he saw a splendid marble palace, supported upon (I've forgotten what kind of) pillars, and filled with busy operatives who made themselves and us both rich and famous. We say we haven't as yet reached that position of absolute independence of which he dreamed, and are therefore obliged to sacrifice our wishes to a stern and unbending necessity. Well, after all the printers may be right, and it follows—let us see what *does* follow?—that if the Fates do not forbid, we will have saved our readers asking the same old, old question over and over again—"when is the Lit coming out?" and ourselves the equally frequent but determined reply—"On Saturday, the second of June."

NOTE—Owing to the unexpected accumulation of matter incident to the publication of the first number by the present Board, our Magazine has been unusually extended.

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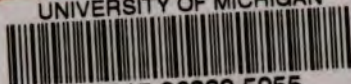
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